

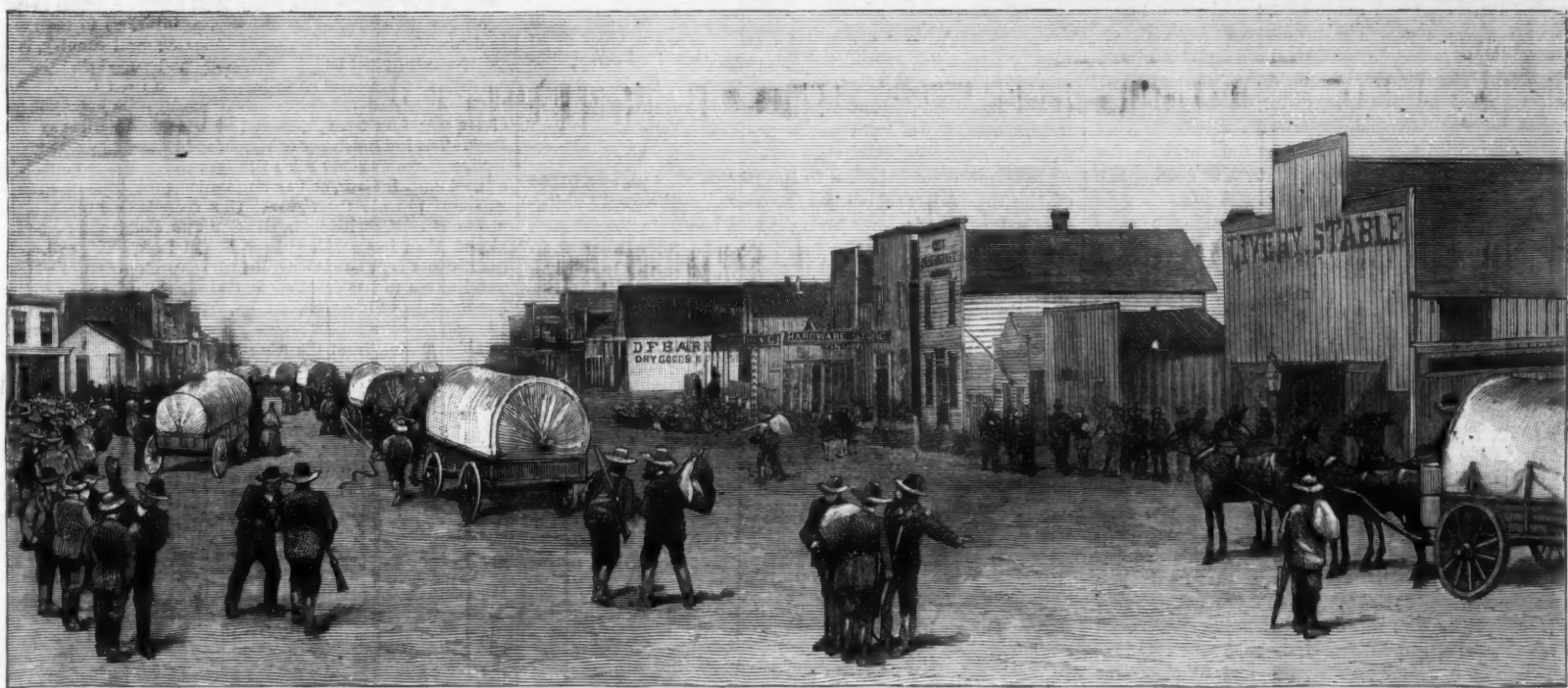
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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1. VIEW OF OKLAHOMA CITY. 2. DOOMERS IN THE MAIN STREET OF PURCELL, I. T. 3. THE RUSH FOR THE BORDER.

ON TO OKLAHOMA!

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1889.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CENTENNIAL.

THE preparations for the Centennial are almost complete, and during the next week the metropolitan city will be given up to the most interesting and significant civic event of the age—the celebration of the close of the first century of our national life. The President of the United States will follow the steps of his first predecessor to the spot where that life began. He will stand where Washington stood when he undertook to guide the new Republic on its way, then so uncertain and beset with dangers. He will bend in thankfulness before the same altar where Washington bowed in anxious hope, and on that altar will lie the same Bible which was pressed by the lips of the first President when he took his vow to support the Constitution, then untried. He will pass, with a majestic train representing all the military and civil forces of the country, through multitudes of citizens assembled to commemorate and rejoice in the fact that the constitutional government of the United States of America has survived the perils of its first century, and it will be a joyful but a sober pageant. It will not be an ostentatious display of material wealth. It will not be a vulgar parade of our national resources, nor a vainglorious attempt to demonstrate our superiority to the rest of the world. It will not be an occasion for fire-works or for oratory.

The true meaning of the celebration will be this—that the people of the United States are moved by a common impulse to assemble in their chief city and express, by fitting pageant and due solemnities, their joy that the "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," under express and predefined constitutional forms, has lived and prospered for a full hundred years. Its significance to patriotic and thoughtful minds is, that "the past, at least, is secure," and that the future is full of hope.

As we eagerly peruse the records of April 30th, 1789, now spread before all eyes, it is easy to see how much there is in this mere fact of continued existence to give us cause for rejoicing, and to lend interest to this manifestation of it. Washington, as he stood in Wall Street, almost overcome by emotion, and read his short address, seemed painfully impressed with doubt and anxiety as to the result of what he was attempting to do. In fact, he said that he was "overwhelmed with despondence." He did not attempt to recommend any measures to the Congress then about to enter upon the task of setting the new government in motion. He contented himself with invoking "the propitious smiles of Heaven" for "the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people."

And eight years afterward, when his duty was done, and he came to make his farewell address, he was cautious in his forecast of that destiny, and gave this prudent warning: "Remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions, and that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitutions of a country."

Such was the temper and frame of mind of Washington after the machinery of constitutional government had been in motion less than eight years. When it had moved on somewhat less than fifty years, the wise foreign observer De Tocqueville, after careful survey, declared that in his vision of the future he beheld one hundred millions peopling our vast area at the end of a century from that time, and added, sorrowfully, that then the maintenance of our federal government would be a mere happy accident. A whole century has passed since the first address of Washington, and more than half a century since the utterance of the French observer. We have more than sixty millions now, and will have more at the end of another half-century than De Tocqueville saw in his vision. In spite of slavery, in spite of civil war, and in spite of all the defects and incongruities of our system, so often pointed out abroad, and so keenly felt at home, our constitutional government has survived with vigorous life. Our government, called by Washington an "experiment," has not only proved to be suited to our own needs, under our peculiar conditions, but it has signally affected the history of other nations. Even our struggles and dangers surmounted have served as warnings. The great English writer, whose recent work on the American Commonwealth has so deeply affected foreign opinion, says: "America has in some respects anticipated European nations. She is walking before them along a path which they will probably follow. She carries behind her—to adopt a famous simile of Dante's—a lamp whose light helps those who come after her more than it always does itself, because some of the dangers she has passed through may not recur at any other point in her path." And he closes his book with this prophecy: "America has still a long vista of years stretching before

her, in which she will enjoy conditions far more auspicious than England can count upon. And that America marks the highest level, not only of material well-being, but of intelligence and happiness, which the race has yet attained, will be the judgment of those who look, not at the favored few for whose benefit the world seems hitherto to have framed its institutions, but at the whole body of the people."

That this opinion and forecast of an able and impartial English student of our institutions is justified by a century's history is the real subject of the rejoicings to which the next week will be surrendered.

THE STARTING OF A NEW STATE.

AN intensely interesting and picturesque experiment, which in some respects has no precedent in history, is begun in the opening, this week, of the fair and fertile territory which one day will be the State of Oklahoma. Like an 1,800,000-acre oasis in the midst of a settled and populous country, but surrounded by the Indian "strips" and fenced off by legal barriers, it has lain unclaimed and untouched; until now, these barriers being suddenly removed, a hundred thousand settlers, with perhaps many times that number shortly to follow, pour into the "Promised Land" from all sides, there to set up their homes, plant their farms, organize their communities, build their towns, and work out their own destinies for good or ill. Here is a State started, as it were, in a night, without pioneers, without the experience of gradual colonization, and without laws.

The all-important question, then, is, Of what elements is this great, ready-made population composed? A casual glance seems reassuring. In the first place, the Oklahoma settlers are not, as in the case of California and parts of Australia, wild adventurers drawn by the unwholesome excitement of gold. The majority of them are farmers, who go to develop a rich agricultural country. They take their families and household goods with them, and set up their homes "for keeps." Some of them have been pushed aside by the rush of competition in the older States; others are young and enthusiastic beginners in life. We hear, also, of stock-raisers coming in from Texas and the West; lumbermen from Wisconsin and Michigan; and miners from Pennsylvania who, tired of underground slavery, are eager for any kind of work "in God's sunlight." All classes of restless and adventurous, though not necessarily unthrifty, people are naturally attracted by the opportunities promised in the opening of Oklahoma. Lawyers will find plenty to do there, journalists and other professional men will be in demand in such intelligent communities, and enterprising tradesmen and mechanics will reap fortunes. Some of the more intelligent and well-to-do of the European immigrants, even, have taken the tide at its flood, and gone to pre-empt claims on the new soil.

Much interest attaches to the movements and fortunes of the original "Oklahoma boomers"—the early agitators, who claim to have brought to a head the legislation which finally opened the territory, who have been long encamped on its borders, and who are naturally somewhat jealous and fearful of the overwhelming rush of new-comers. Possibly we have here the nucleus of a Territorial aristocracy, a future Oklahoma Four Hundred, who will refer their claims to exalted social position back to the dates of their early squatter sovereignty. At present they are allied for the purpose of mutual protection, and promise to defend each other's claims with their lives. It is not likely that any legitimate claim will have to be so defended. Still, such an organization is more or less of a menace in a mixed and lawless community, and General Merritt, representing the Government's authority down there, will have enough to do in keeping peace with the force at his command. That peace and order will be preserved, or at least quickly and permanently restored if rashly violated, we cannot doubt. Oklahoma cannot afford to waste time in quarreling and fighting. It is a great country, with a dizzy development and grand future before it.

THE PRESIDENT ON REMOVAL FROM OFFICE.

THERE is no such thing as satisfying men who are first of all politicians, bent upon securing the spoils of office, come what may, and President Harrison's firmness in dealing with these men is not the least of the several surprises he has given the public since he entered upon his duties. The strong men of his own party had expected to receive whatever they asked for merely because they asked; and in the South more particularly it was believed that with the 4th of March it would rain positions of power and profit for good Republicans. Fortunately for the country, Mr. Harrison has a way of looking at these matters with his own eyes; and he showed, a few days ago, when he was waited upon by a number of Southern men of mark with a programme of desirable removals, that he thinks also with his own mind. Nowhere will he use his power to dismiss an official whose commission has not expired, unless for neglect of duty or for incompetence. A purely political change for the sake of party he will not make, and his appointments, when made, will be dictated by regard for the interests of the public, and not by the consideration of the nominee's availability as a power in local or in State elections.

In taking this position the President not only gives effect to the principles declared in his Inaugural: he works at the same time on the broadest base for the security and the expansion of the Republican party. This party is to be built up and strengthened in the South, as in the North, not by tricks with the ballot-box nor by the abuse of patronage, but by reverent regard for right and by an unwavering fidelity to the ideal of good government. General Harrison means in this respect, as in others, to stand by the pledges made to the country. Civil-service Reform means to him action on the right lines of reform, and not a mere repetition of words too long familiar to the public ear as sound and fury, signifying nothing. "On the 1st of May," he declared, in answer to a delegation of Congressmen, "the civil-service rules applicable to the railway-mail service will go into effect. There is no excuse for postponement, and none will be made." It is plain enough that the President is able to resist pressure from whatever side it comes, and under whatever specious pretense it is applied.

PROTECT THE NATIONAL PARK.

VANISHING barbarism is taking a last revenge upon civilization, according to the reports from the Yellowstone National Park. The Government has aimed to preserve this wonderful domain in all its native beauty, but the forest fires kindled by Indian marauders on hunting-trips are working havoc with the forests and the game. *Forest and Stream* has investigated this serious danger, and publishes letters and affidavits from men on the ground, which leave no room for doubt regarding the damage which has been done and the gloomy prospect for the future. This has been apparent to the Superintendent of the Park, Captain Harris, and he has urged upon the Interior Department the importance of keeping the Indians at a distance. The Indian Bureau has usually seemed anxious to comply with his request, but lately the agents at Fort Hall and Lemhi, while acknowledging in effect that they cannot control their Indians, who go where they please and do what they please, still deny that they approach the boundaries of the Park. Captain Harris's report to the department implies that these and other agents are unable to handle the Indians.

Now, the Yellowstone Park is valuable, among other things, as a reservoir for the storage of water which feeds important rivers, sustaining vast stretches of farming lands. But its value as a reservoir depends upon the preservation of the forests. If these are destroyed, the Park cannot retain the water which falls in the Spring and Fall. The destruction of the game, elk, bear, deer, and other American fauna, is much to be deplored, because the large game of the West is growing scarcer and scarcer, and the practical extinction of the buffalo has recently shown us what may be expected. But as regards the practical question of economics, the forests are of supreme importance. Their growth is slow, and extensive disaster will affect a very large area of country. The Indians are in the habit of firing large tracts of forests in order to drive out the game. This practice, so injurious to the Park and so dangerous to a very large area of agricultural country, is something which cannot be tolerated. It is understood that the Indians act rather from love of game-butcherery than from the necessity for food. If they are not fed, the Government must supply them. In either case they must be kept under control, and away from the Park. The incompetency of Indian agents is a familiar story. The Indian Bureau should see to it that men are appointed who can control these Indians, and an application should be made for troops who will provide the means. Our army is small, but there are plenty of soldiers living in idleness who could not be better employed than in guarding the National Park. The evil, however, goes farther back—to the pernicious reservation system which compels Indians to live in idleness, dependents upon the Government bounty, without hope or ambition. The ownership of land in severalty and encouragement to work would soon remove many of the troubles arising from the reservation system.

THE MODERN HUNT FOR RELIGION.

WORDS ending in 'ology,' 'osophy,' 'lence' and 'ism' are having a pretty hard time of it in these days, when religion is being differentiated, sorted out, classified, labeled and packed up in parcels to suit all weights and measures of minds. Like so many Casanbans, we push our grewsome quest in the catacombs of spiritual egotism, grubbing among its bleached and rootless growths; while the living embodiment of the best meanings of all the myth and fable that arabesque the elder page of history waits for us, as did Dorothea for Casanbon, patient and silent in the sunlight above us.

Fashion throws open its drawing-rooms for an hour to the eloquent Salvation Army captain with her baby in her arms, much in the same way as royalty flocked to the tents at Kensington to hobnob for the nonce with Indians, and embrace Buffalo Bill as a brother. For the fashionable lady does not intend to take to carrying her own baby—except for such time as God has settled that point for her—and go about evangelizing, any more than the Duchess of Blank meant to domicile Colonel Cody in the ducal mansion as tutor to the young lords, albeit the fashionable lady in the first case, and the duchess in the second, do foolish things.

The breezy Wild West Show has virtue in it, and so—though not without reservation—has the Salvation Army. But Monte Carlo, the prize-fight ring, and society's elaborate modern scheme for wasting time, are vicious through and through; yet the betting-book and the prayer-book go snugly in the same pocket in these days of Sunday closing in morals.

We have got a long way off from Bunyan's illuminated prison-cell and that strong, rending cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" We think the strait gate and the narrow way are old-fashioned, and it is the fashion, not the need of salvation, with which we concern ourselves. We prefer the latest novelty in—Revelations, and we scrutinize all invitations purporting to be issued from the Celestial City, with reference to the style of the card, the quarter of that city from which they come, and the exclusiveness of the gate by which we shall be ushered in! There are no more Doubting Castles, no more fights with Appollyon in dim, snare-set, demon-beleaguered valleys—they and Calvary are of the past!

We have a new route—scores of new routes, and pleasant conveyances, with decorous rules for making our journey smoothly with greater elegance and ease. And thus, the Light generated in the passion of Gethsemane, which shines straight to us across the centuries of our—progress!—is being obscured by traversing phantoms, who come shaking the scrolls of new creeds, and are accepted as new prophets.

One of the most insistent of these is called Christian science. It

differs from Theosophy—whose disciples are, for the most part, an unintrusive sort of people, characterized, many of them, by an inert, dyspeptic longing for "Karma"—as much as it differs from, let us say, the religion of Anarchy, for the anarchists—those who are sincere—are moved by the harsh religion of Necessity. And the necessity of which the anarchist Lucy Parsons is the mouth-piece when she shouts, "We want a revolution! . . . A revolution must come!" is a necessity which does exist, and has come about because we have no Christian science of living.

How many clergymen are there in all Christendom who, if, upon entering their pulpits next Sunday, they should see Christ standing by the altar, hearkening for their discourse, and should know that it was He, would dare to preach the sermon they had brought to preach? And if, with the same opened vision, the congregation should see the halt, maimed, hungering and blind crowd up the aisles to their travel-worn and shelterless Leader, would not their own rustling silks, soft-cushioned pews and bulging purses make them feel the nakedness of shame?

Christian science, to be such, should sound a doctrine so single and so lucidly defined that controversies about it could not absorb time away from its practical working. As a science, it should teach us that the present danger is the danger of headlong speed—the rush which prevents our taking heed of any one murder, robbery or wreck, or the cause of them, because of the swift succession of murders, robberies, wrecks, calamities, tragedies and crimes; the rush which makes prevision and reflection alike impossible, and steadily widens the gulf between those who need to receive and those who so imminently need to give. It should teach us to cease building palaces for ourselves, and making costly entertainments for the owners of other palaces, and to set about building homes for those that have not where to lay their heads; to spend our time and money in studying the conditions which have made us so rich and intrenched in our wealth, and have made the poor so destitute and kept them in their destitution, and thus to learn what is our own responsibility in this matter.

It should point out that we need no mind-cure, nor to suffer hypnotic or other mesmeristic sacrilege, if we will eat, drink, dress, sleep, work and love by the sane laws within the knowledge of all; that it is of small consequence whether there are people like or unlike ourselves on Saturn—until an aerial cable makes such knowledge part of our legitimate advance—nor yet whether we accept a theory which peoples that or all the worlds, so long as we act our part well on the globe to which we have been assigned; and that whether we shall be reincarnated once, twice or ten thousand times, or not at all, is of infinitely less moment than whether we will do right with this one body of which we are sure.

As a religion, it should gather us from all our benighted straying in "no thoroughfares" of pitiless theories, into the fold of pure and fervid principles, and into the week-day as well as Seventh-day practice thereof. Christ taught directly, vigorously, with Yea or Nay, with meaning unmistakable. Sell what thou hast, give it to the poor, and take up the cross and follow Me. Thou shalt not steal nor lie, nor in anywise wrong any one. Every creature is thy neighbor, and—thy neighbor shall be to thee as thyself. This was Christian science 1,900 years ago. Will it not do for to-day?

TAX REFORM IN LONDON.

AMONG other burning questions that the programme of the near future in British politics may be expected to bring to the front, the question of taxation in large cities promises to occupy a prominent place. In London, the Radicals and Liberals are already actively at work agitating for a scheme of reform which, if passed into law, will seriously affect the privileges and pockets of the ground landlords. Under the existing system in the London metropolitan district, the "rates" or taxes for city improvements, such as widening and paving streets, opening new streets, constructing drains and sewers, as well as for schools, police and other departments of the public service, are levied upon and paid by the tenants or occupiers of houses. While the landlords are thus exempted from the burden of taxation, they are permitted to reap all the advantage of the increase of value produced by the improvements. When a tenant's lease expires, the rent is increased in proportion to the increased value, to the production of which the landlord has contributed nothing whatever. In this way some London landlords have become millionaires.

The Radicals are determined that there shall be a change of a very sweeping character. They have prepared a Bill to be introduced into Parliament, which provides that landlords shall pay the taxes necessary, not only for future improvements in London, but for clearing off the heavy debt—over thirty-eight million pounds—incurred for improvements in the past. The Bill also provides for the taxing of vacant lands within the metropolis, which would have the effect of bringing such lands into the market for business purposes, thereby stimulating competition, and, as a consequence, securing tenants against increases of rent to cover taxes. A further provision makes any contract by tenants to pay taxes illegal.

Of course there is not the smallest hope of this or any other such Bill becoming law during the present Parliament. The Tory party—that is, the landlord party—have a big majority in the House of Commons, and they will listen to no proposals which aim at shifting to their own shoulders the burdens, or any portion of them, that press so heavily on the industrial masses. The reform desired is, however, bound to come, and come soon. With the power of knowledge as to their rights, and with the power of the franchise, the English people in town or country will not long tolerate the unjust privileges which enable the so-called aristocracy to enjoy so large a share of the benefits, without performing any of the duties attaching to the possession of property in land.

THE STORY OF A DISASTER.

NOTHING could be more dry and matter-of-fact than the usual Associated Press report, and the dispatch which described the Samoan disaster came to its readers like a revelation. It was an astounding departure from all precedents. Here was a piece of literary work which no living descriptive writer need blush to own. As a report, the story was told from beginning to end clearly, simply and intelligently, with order, system and knowledge. As literature, the dispatch had the merits of eloquence without apparent effort of reserved force, simplicity and suggestive reserve. It was a superb piece of work—one which few of the famous war correspondents have approached. A knowledge of the conditions under which this work was done increases admiration of its quality. Mr. Dunning, the Associated Press reporter, was on the beach for thirty-six hours in the midst of that terrible storm. Exposed to the cyclone and the cutting sand, drenched by rains and spray, and laboring to help in the work of rescue, he succeeded, nevertheless, in obtaining an accurate, marvelously graphic picture of each successive scene in the tragedy. Every important occurrence upon the decks of the *Nipsic*, the *Vandalia* and the *Trenton* was noted as carefully as if the writer had been on board each vessel at the time. Each

individual act of heroism, and the circumstances attending the injuries and death of individual officers and men, were recounted with exactness as well as eloquence. Cooper, Marryat or Russell has pictured nothing more dramatic than some of those scenes—a lieutenant supporting his dying captain, another forcing his captain to leave the ship before him, the men of the *Trenton* cheering the survivors clinging to the rigging of the *Vandalia*, and their answer so pathetic in its courage, and the notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" ringing out from the *Trenton* when death seemed inevitable.

There were few dry eyes, we think, among the hundreds of thousands who read Mr. Dunning's tale of dauntless courage. There were few men who did not glow with pride in a navy faithful to its traditions. The good old American stock still endureth.

It looks as if President Harrison has departed from his home-rule policy in his selection of a Chief-justice for Washington Territory. Heretofore in his Territorial appointments he has been governed by the wishes of the people immediately concerned, but in this case he has appointed a carpet-bagger who has been only a few months a resident of the Territory, in preference to the person recommended by the Territorial Delegate and many of the leading citizens. The gentleman appointed is able and honest, having served acceptably in Congress as a Representative from Indiana, but his appointment violates a sound principle, and is on that account to be regretted.

WHY should there be any distinction of creed or nationality in the great parade next week? This question is suggested by the preparations being made by the Roman Catholics of New York and Brooklyn, and by some of our German citizens, to appear in contingents by themselves. The demonstration should be distinctively American in all its features, and all who participate in it should do so as Americans simply, not as Catholics or Baptists or Jews, or Germans or Irish. Though of many races and creeds we are one people, and in commemorating the inauguration of our National Government we should merge all denominations of race and creed in the one denomination of American citizenship.

ONE of the exhibitions of judicial perverseness, or foolishness, which do so much to bring the Bench into discredit, has just been witnessed in London. The editor of the *Era*, the leading theatrical journal, criticised the "eccentric cancan" of a ballet troupe as "highly indecent." No malice was shown, and this opinion was strongly supported by other experts. Nevertheless a supernumerary judge charged the jury strongly against the critic, urging the necessity of "keeping the press in order." The jury complacently found against the defendant, who was mulcted of £1,000, including costs. It is clear that if this judge's view is to prevail, criticism will be impossible, and without the fair expression of honest opinion journalism loses all its dignity and influence. The libel laws are often unfair to American newspapers, but fortunately we are not in the helpless state indicated by this English verdict.

THE German Government has issued a White Book, evidently in view of the approaching Samoan Conference, in which prominence is given to certain dispatches of Prince Bismarck deploring the recent events in Samoa, where, he says, an unauthorized request resulted in great loss of life and in injury to German interests, and danger was thereby incurred of Germany becoming embroiled with a friendly nation, with no conclusive reasons existing for the intervention of armed forces. He makes the important declaration that the demand of the German Consul at Apia for the control of the foreign relation of Samoa was totally indefensible, and concludes by saying that Germany has nothing to do with the internal affairs of Samoa; that her mission is restricted to protecting Germans and enabling them to develop commercial interests. It ought not to be difficult, upon this statement of the German policy, to effect a satisfactory adjustment of the Samoan difficulty.

It must be said for the Prince of Wales that, though by no means an old man, he shows signs of the wisdom which comes with years. If not precisely a model of good conduct, he is yet more circumspect in the pursuit of pleasure than he has been, and he is rarely wanting in tact and good sense on great occasions. His popularity has very greatly increased within the past few years, and he clearly studies with close attention the progress of events and the changes in public opinion. Not even when the Tories, two years ago, seemed to be most firmly seated, was the Prince betrayed into any imprudent utterance that might seem to identify him with the Conservatives. He kept his counsel; and that he had a counsel to keep is apparent from his recently expressed desire to meet Mr. Parnell. This desire, of course, is gall and wormwood to the Tories, for to them it means more than the tide of public sympathy with the Irish leader. The Tory mind may affect to disregard the popular movement, but the Prince of Wales is, next to the Queen herself, the incarnation of all that is sacred to a good Tory. There could be no more conclusive evidence of the commanding position now held by Mr. Parnell than the one just given by the Prince. The meeting will take place; and the mere wish for it shows that when Albert Edward becomes King of England the Tories will have gained nothing.

It is curious that it should have been necessary for English capital to come and shoulder for us the whole North River. Knowing the necessity for improved railroad connection between New York and New Jersey, it would have been natural to suppose that some of the money which is popularly supposed to be searching with eager eyes for proper and profitable investment would have seized the opportunity. Yet for months the American projectors of the scheme have sought for the needed gold, only at last to find it on the other side, funny enough, in a country where railroad enterprise is leagues behind ours. If the scheme shall prove successful and we learn, in time, to dive like ducks to reach New Jersey, even then we shall thank our fat-walleted friends from across the seas for their share in the result. Yet all the while, both before and after its completion, we shall still be wondering what scared our own brothers away. It may be that a moral lies hidden here. If so, we may learn that New York men stood down on the wharves and twiddled their thumbs, and said Nay, nay, because of a wholesome fear lest some fine day the rolling-stock below the blue North River should become as deeply "watered" as the stock of our precious rapid-transit system. Certainly that is enough to render wary the most sanguine.

On the 16th of April Governor Hill signed a Bill for the creation of a State Weather Service, with headquarters at Cornell University. The Bureau, for which an annual appropriation of \$4,000 is made, is to be directed by three Commissioners—the Professor of Civil Engineering at Cornell, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the third to be appointed by the Governor. Neither the

Commissioners nor the local observers are to receive any pay, the appropriation being intended for the purchase and maintenance of apparatus, and for the expenses of publication. Already there are seventy stations at work, their organization having been made in anticipation of the signing of the Bill; and it is intended that every important town shall have its station, and that all railroad trains shall be supplied with the weather signals and bulletins. This movement is designed to supplement and to aid the work of the United States Signal Service, which is obliged to survey vast areas, and aims at presenting general results to the neglect of much necessary detail for local information and warning. The State Service is a natural development of the great National Bureau, and it is to be expected that time and experience will suggest still further subdivisions of this most valuable creation.

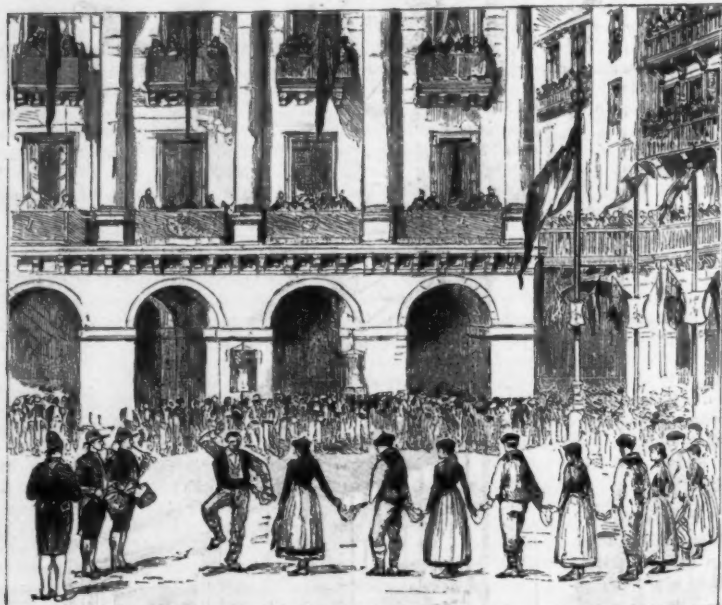
In these days of very good professions for women, alloyed as they are with very bad and most unnecessary ones, it is a pleasure to hear of more women pharmacutists. As doctors and nurses we have successful, royally good women shining in an eminently proper sphere. In the appearance of the woman druggist, prepared as the way has been by her struggling sisters, there is nothing to shock the sensitive. It is a private profession, one in which there is not the slightest need for the womanliness of the new pioneer to suffer, and one eminently suited to delicate fingers and the true feminine sense of "mixing things." Pills won't be half as apt to grow into lumps of lead in the throat if one has *prima facie* evidence that it was a pretty girl, with locks that twisted around her ears, that made them; and as for castor-oil taken between layers of sarsaparilla, as nasty a dose as the mind of the male drug-clerk has been able to conceive, it will be a delicious draught if a small white hand, unadorned by any hateful plain gold band, composes the fizzing mixture. Oh! there are possibilities untold in the advent of the girl druggist. Only, what will she do if the only offer open to her comes from a prohibition town? What will the poor child do the first time a man comes in, according to the programme laid down by our weekly funny papers, sidles up to the soda-fountain a step in the rear of his wife, and—winks? Either the funny papers are misleading, or there will be an angry and, mayhap, hysterical little pharmacist behind that fountain.

THE young Kaiser of Germany is unhappy. In two instances he has failed completely in punishing journals that had offended him. The Court of Appeals revoked the police decree against one which had slightly referred to the Emperor's father, and the case against the other for assailing Bismarck has entirely broken down. For these reasons the young ruler insists that the existing press laws shall be made more stringent, and certain amendments to this effect have been added to the Workmen's Insurance Bill, which will come up before the Reichstag as unfinished business, when that body meets again after the Easter recess. Considering that the German press is allowed less freedom to-day than that of any European country excepting Russia, this reactionary policy on the part of the Emperor seems most extraordinary. Certainly he can have but a faint conception of the force he is endeavoring to repress, and the danger of leaving it without an outlet. Indeed, his present attitude is much like that of the Mississippi skipper who ties down his safety-valve when preparing for a race. With the Socialist element daily increasing in strength, and the workmen of many of the leading cities of the Empire engaged in a general strike, the effort to deprive the people of the limited means at their command for asserting their rights, and of offering some feeble resistance to the assaults of irresponsible power, savors strongly of the insanity with which the gods are said to first afflict those whom they intend to destroy.

SO much has been recently said in print regarding the neglect of the State to provide proper employment for the inmates of our prisons, that the provisions of the Bill introduced in the New York Senate by Mr. Fassett, in this particular, will be found of general interest. The new measure, which, on the whole, is a comprehensive and liberal one, divides all prisoners into three classes: (1) The corrigible, and those likely to maintain themselves by honest industry after their discharge; (2) those more incorrigible and vicious, but still able to work, and so obedient to prison discipline as not seriously to interfere with the productiveness of their labor or that of other prisoners; and (3) those so incorrigible, incompetent and insubordinate as to interfere with discipline and the productiveness of prison work. These three grades are, so far as practicable, to be kept in separate prisons, the labor of those in the first mentioned to be directed with special reference to industrial training and instruction in the methods of self-support; that of those in the second will be made as productive as possible, and instruction be given in the direction of self-help; while to the third the State will be simply a task-master, and obtain from them the greatest amount of salable products possible. As to systems, the State account, or piece-price plan, or both, will be used, as the Superintendent may determine; and the number of prisoners employed in any one kind of manufacture must not exceed ten per cent. of the number of all persons in the State employed in the same industry. The Legislature cannot do better than take speedy action regarding so intelligent a measure.

THE exhibition of American work in applied art which is to be held in London next month will impart some new ideas to our British cousins. American painters have earned a considerable recognition in London and on the Continent within twenty years. In London, Messrs. Sargent, Abbey, Millet and others, not including Messrs. Boughton and Whistler, have come to be ranked among the foremost younger artists. In Paris, the school *ateliers* are constantly filled with Americans, and at the Salon for many years their paintings have been a not unimportant feature. American wood-engraving is universally recognized as the finest in the world, and the talent of American painter-etchers has been honored in London, Vienna and Paris. But American progress in the application of art to industry is very little understood in England, and many worthy Britons still think that the revival of industrial art begun at South Kensington a generation ago is confined to England. The proposed exhibition will open their eyes. They will see the beautiful embroideries made by the Associated Artists, which are genuine "needle paintings" upon grounds carefully prepared under an artistic supervision that has greatly improved the quality of the work done in American silk factories. They will find that the modern style of working in stained glass colored in a molten state, with results of great delicacy and richness, cut into "jewels" and finely graduated hues and set with abundant use of the lead line which supplies the place of linear drawing, has really originated in this country, and been carried farther than anywhere else. It will be shown that Americans have assimilated the fine Renaissance designs sufficiently to produce admirable work in iron and leather. There will be examples of pottery, tiles, plastic sketches, and brooches, fret and spiral work. Altogether this exhibition should prove a novel and convincing demonstration of American progress in art applied to industry.

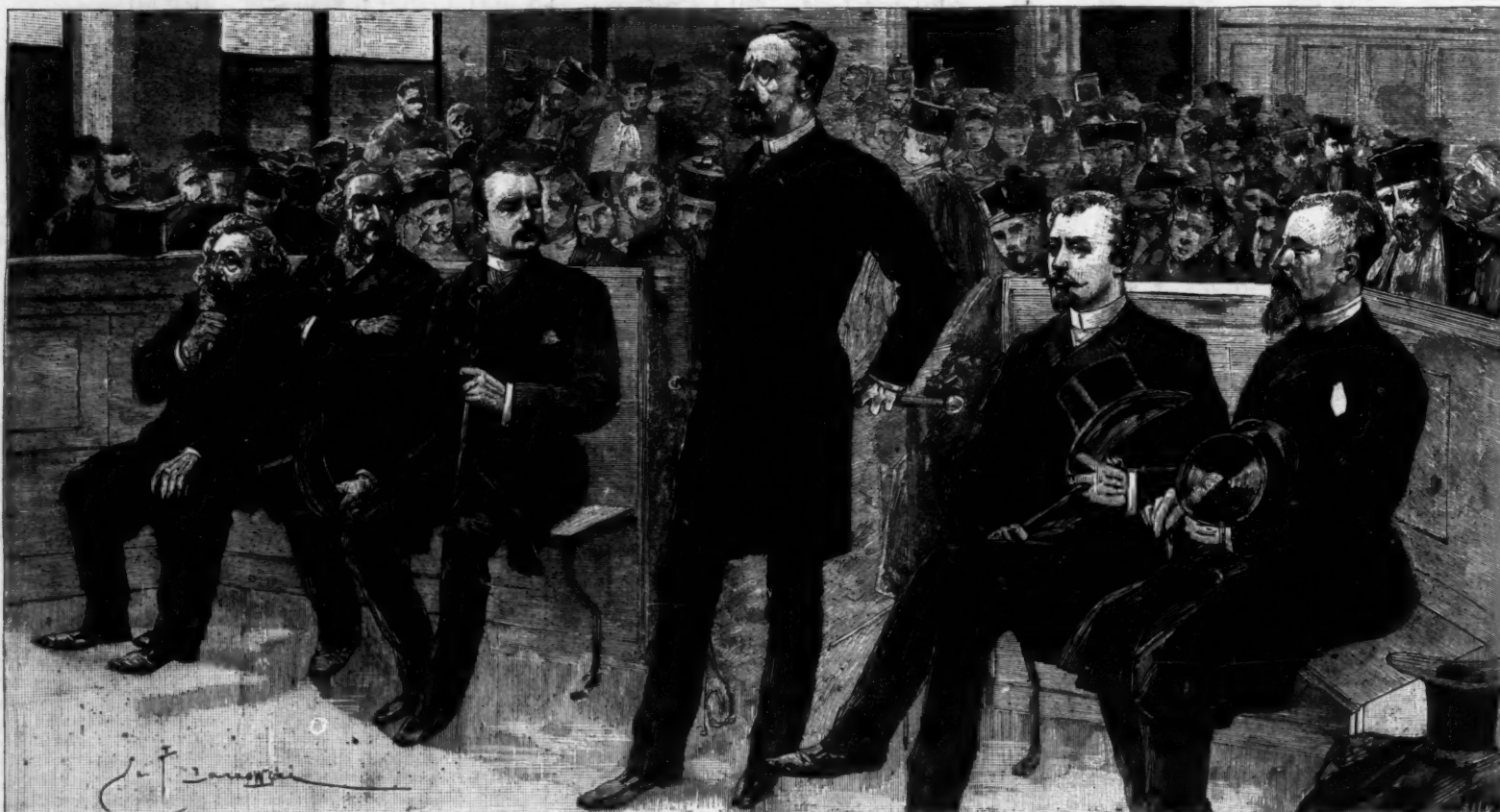
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 187.



SPAIN.—BASQUE GAMES, VIEWED FROM THE TOWN-HALL AT SAN SEBASTIAN, BY THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND SPAIN.



ITALY.—AN INCIDENT OF THE GRAND MILITARY REVIEW AT UDINE.



M. Naquet. M. Laisant.

M. Laguerre.

M. Déroulède.

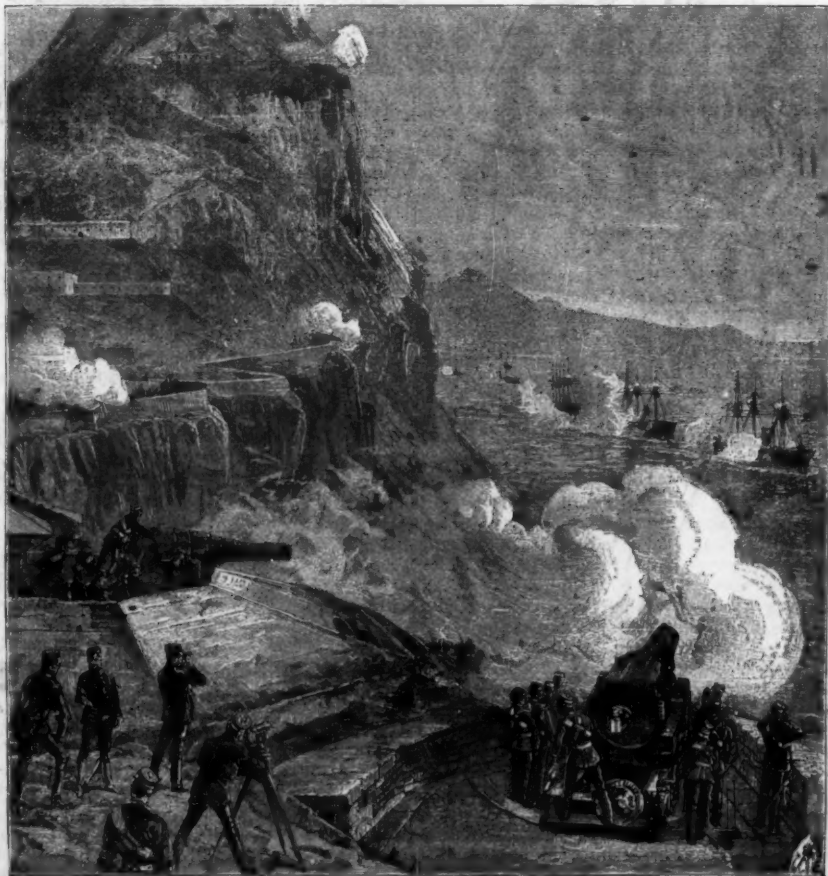
M. Richard.

M. Turquet.

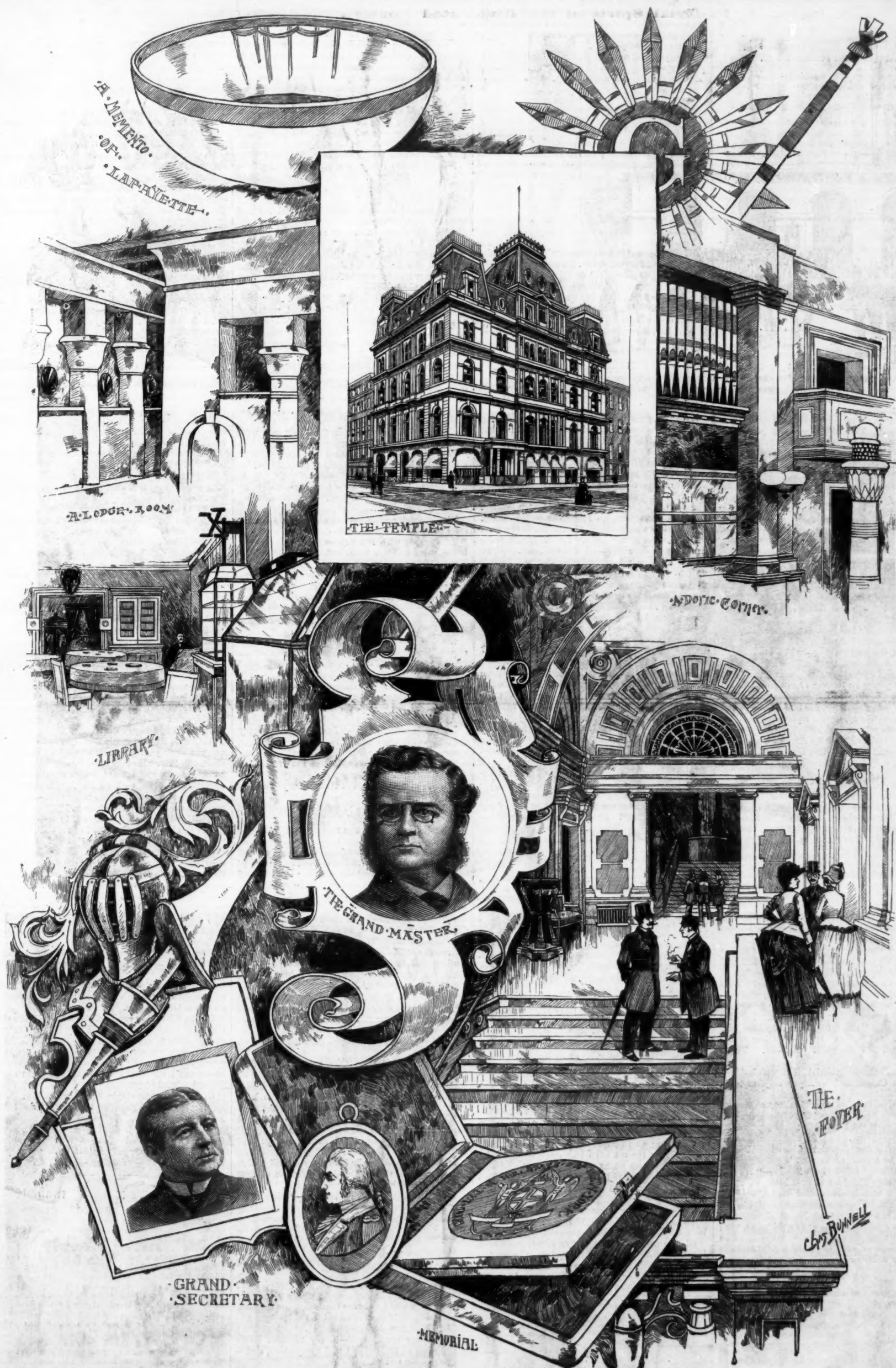
FRANCE.—PROSECUTION OF THE LEAGUE OF PATRIOTS.



FRANCE.—M. EIFFEL HOISTING THE TRICOLOR ON THE SUMMIT OF THE COMPLETED EXPOSITION TOWER, 1,000 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND.



GIBRALTAR.—BRITISH NAVAL AND MILITARY DEFENSIVE MANŒUVRES.



NEW YORK.—THE GRAND MASONIC JUBILEE, APRIL 24TH, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE RELEASE OF THE ORDER FROM INDEBTEDNESS—GLIMPSES OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE, NEW YORK CITY.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 186.

ONE LIFE.

HER little hand is resting
On the arm that held it of old,
And he thinks it is only the night-breeze
That makes it so soft and cold.

Her eyes into his are gazing—
Eyes so faithful to him—
And he thinks it is the shadowy twilight
That makes them so strange and dim.

Her pretty face turns toward him—
Ah, when did her face turn away?
And he thinks it is the silvery moonlight
That makes it so faint and gray.

O spirit that lingers and falters,
Take courage and whisper "Good-by."
A life! Why, a life is nothing—
When millions each minute die.

With millions each minute dying,
What matters *one life or death*?—
One fragile and tender existence—
One tremulous, passing breath?

A life? Why, a life is nothing!
What matters though one turn dim!
Alas! for the folly of reason,
One life is the world to him.

G. H.

THE CELESTIAL AND THE CUR.

LOCALITY—a valley in the interior of California, described in real-estate prospectus as the "loveliest of earth's favored spots, where mere existence is perpetual delight," but presenting to the unappreciative eye the appearance of a very thinly populated, treeless and grassless region. A farm-house stands some distance back from the public road. The chief advantages of its situation seem to be exclusiveness and open air. A disorderly picket-fence surrounds a front garden, in which Nature blooms unrestrained in thistle and tar-weed.

Enter through the gate a rotund Chinaman with a very long cue. A small terrier dog, apparently in a transitional state between the blue-blooded Skye and the blind-alley cur, follows, per force of a string attached to his collar. The dog, as he approaches the house, wails dolorously and tugs at the cord.

The Chinaman darts a side-glance at him, and shakes a chubby finger, saying: "You look ow now; you go back."

A middle-aged female person rushes out of front door, grasps the dog and infolds him in ecstatic embrace.

She cries out: "And you are here again, are you?—my jewel, my blessed one!"

Hi Chang, serenely smiling—"Yes, me come." Response, in excited, slightly Hibernian tones—"You think it's you that I'm a-talking to—you, indeed, and you're an ignorant heathen. What is it you're meaning, to keep the dog, knowing all the country was being searched for him? Maybe it's starved he is—Waggy, my own poor dog!"

Waggy wails affirmatively. Hi Chang, tranquilly—"Me dlive him 'way; he no go; me bling him you this time, next time he come, he good-by you." Horribly significant wink of left eye.

Female party, frantically wrought up—"You are not daring to mean you'll kill him?"

Pagan, oracularly—"Velly bad dog, no can all time live. He come my boss place, kill him one day the chickee, bleak him leg one duck, and not for eat, for play! You think my boss buy chickee make play for you dog?"

Volcanic emotion on female visage. Hi Chang continues, with solemnly warning voice—"My boss say come 'gain he house, maybe so not come any more."

Female, with air of an avenging goddess—"It's a God-forsaken man that would take the life of a mite of a senseless beast that's the sole protection of two lonely women. We'll set the law on him."

Hi Chang, placid triumph shining out of his eye-slits—"My boss lich man, do all same he like."

The other party, in haughty scorn—"Rich, and cares so much about a chicken or so? We'll pay for his precious chickens."

Hi Chang, with equally lofty scorn—"He no care chickee, got plenty money buy chickee. He care how! Dog come make big noise; my boss say, 'Kill blank beast.' Next time—an impressive pause—"you not see 'gain. Goo'-by." Turns away.

Female, with pursuing shriek of expostulation—"Here, you Chinaman! we'll pay anything, tell your boss."

Chinaman, with three unrelenting shakes of head—"No can pay for how!" Closes gate, and trips away, while Odella makes fierce gestures at his disappearing cue.

Languid voice from interior of house—"Odella, what is all the talking and noise?"

Odella, rushing in direction of voice—"It's our own Waggy that I'm just after taking from the clutches of a murderous-hearted pagan."

Voice within, full of keenest anxiety—"Oh, tell me, tell me, is he entirely safe?"

Odella, in choking voice—"For this time, yes; but for the next time he goes he's the same as dead. All because of a few chickens." And she crouches in a Niobe pose on the porch near a window.

Voice through blinds—"But, Odella, we will pay for any wretched chickens Wagner may kill."

Odella, despairingly—"And wasn't I telling the sinner just that? And don't he answer me that it's the howl his Turk of a master makes a murderers talk about. What's a little noise?"

Sigh from within—"The poor man may be nervous, may have trouble on his mind; most of us have. But, Odella, if Wagner will go there and make a noise, what can we do?"

Odella, emphatically—"We can make haste to get out of this pagan country, all alive with devils walking around in pig-tails."

Voice within, querulously—"We cannot, Odella, we cannot. You know that only in a far-off, hidden place like this do I find peace of mind. Bring me Wagner; he understands."

Waggy at that moment struggles for the freedom of the place, and has to be compelled into the arms of his sympathy-craving mistress.

II.

AFARM-HOUSE, painted into glaring freshness, a general environment indicating recently expended money. A gentleman sits on the porch, his feet on the railing, his hat far down over his eyes. Hi Chang approaches, accompanied by the ubiquitous Waggy, attached as usual to a string.

Hi Chang, addressing soles of feet on railing—"Me catchee him—dog—one time more."

No response. Chinaman, in higher key—"This time he kill tlee looster, one little chickee."

No answer. Hi Chang continues categorically—"Lun him sheep, dlive in corner fence, bark, bark, till sheep no can stand, make sick."

Rumbling voice under hat—"Feed the beast on chickens, mutton, Durham bulls, Jersey pigs and other vermin. It's just as profitable a way of disposing of the truck as any I have found."

Long, reverberating howl from Wagner. Feet on railing come down with a thundering clap. "Hang the demoniac brute!"

Hi Chang, sentimentally and approvingly—"All light—hang him light away."

Soliloquizes as he drags the resisting Wagner off—"He too muchee thinkee—inside him, no good thinkee."

Gentleman tosses a half-smoked cigar aside, and entering the house, he partakes of something out of a bottle. He looks at his watch.

"Half-past four only; thought I'd been scorching on that porch three hours. This is the striving, active Western life which was to make a new man of me, and choke off all morbid retrospections. Morbid retrospections seem to me about all the place is made for. I drive them off with brandy, or try to, and my nerves are going to the deuce. The howl of a miserable little cur starts the most insane fancies in my brain. I'd better be moving further on somewhere—try a South Sea island, or try the climatic influences of Kamchatka. I won't wait to find as big a fool as myself to pay me the worth of my improvements on this income-devouring ranch. I'll charge him only for the climate, about half as much as I paid for it myself" (irate-mopping his shining brow), "and throw in the new barns, fences and agricultural implements. If all the idiots swarming to this gigantic fraud of an over-advertised paradise lose as much coin as I have lost and gain as little peace of mind—"

He hears outside an intermingling of pigeon English and canine moans, and he strides to the window, and exclaims: "By Jupiter! what's the pagan up to? I say, Chang, let the beast alone! Are you fool enough to suppose I'll let you hang the harmless whelp in full view of my windows, or anywhere else?"

Hi Chang—"No hang him? Well, what must do now?"

He stands with dangling rope and patient expression, Waggy subduedly lamenting the instability of human intentions and canine fate.

The Boss—"Let him go! Keep him out of my sight and hearing! Give him a beefsteak."

III.

HI CHANG, hanging out clothes on line. He chirps a vivacious Chinese melody. Odella approaches from rear, and addresses Chinaman's white-shirted back.

"Is there anybody on this place besides you?" Hi Chang, intensely gracious—"Oh, you come make visit? Velly glad see you!—velly hot day! Me here all by self."

Odella, rapidly twirling string of sun-bonnet, but speaking with sort of pulled-up-by-roots politeness—"Yes, very warm day. I have come to ask if you have seen anything of my little dog? He is missing since Saturday."

Hi Chang, sympathetically—"You lose him dog? Pity—heap pity! What kind dog? Black—white place on tail?"

Odella, keeping a grip on her feelings—"No; little dog—long hair—all gray."

Chinaman, meditatively, swinging coil of wet sheet to and fro—"Littee dog—all gray. Long time 'go me see one all samee that."

Voice from sun-bonnet, like a boiling-over kettle—"You deceiving cat! you've seen him yesterday or to-day, sure as you're standing there alive and grinning like a corpse! Where is it you're keeping the dog?"

Hi Chang, in high-pitched wonder—"Me keep him! What for me keep him dog?"

"To play your tricks with the devil."

Hi Chang, with sudden illumination—"Oh, maybe so he go devil, and maybe so you like go find him."

Odella, twitching Chinaman's sleeve, bonnet falling off in her agitation—"Here, you, take this dollar for the chickens, and get me the dog."

Hi Chang, sliding out of her grasp, and eying the dollar with a speculative squint—"Dollar too muchee for dog, not 'nough for chickee."

Odella, wildly—"So it's for money you're holding the dog, are you? You're thinking it's me you can cheat and rob. You'll see—you'll see." Goes off with a rush.

Hi Chang, excessively courteous—"You go now? Goo'-by; come again soon."

IV.

HI CHANG, at a table chopping hash in time to his favorite melody. He hears approaching steps. He smiles and blinks in response to some idea in his heathen brain. Continues to chop energetically.

Low, sweet voice at the door—"I am looking for a little lost dog."

Hi Chang, dropping hash-knife as if shot, turns to see a young and handsome lady, who is certainly not Odella. The pagan, breathless with wonderment, seems about to prostrate himself in Oriental adoration. He speaks in honeyed tones—"Dog b'long you? My! my! me no sabe b'long you! Me no sabe you—me sabe *ole* wommee. She come here, talkee heap bad; me talk velly poli, and all time she get more mad."

Lady, sweetly—"Yes? Well, it is my dog, and I have come for him. Perhaps he lost his way, and somebody here is taking care of him for me?"

Hi Chang, his face one all-illuminating grin—"Yes, lose him way. He come here; he likee stay; he good dog; me fix nice for him. One minnee—me show you."

He vanishes through inner door, and returns after a short absence.

"You likee come now—me show you."

The lady is conducted up a narrow, dark stairway, which ends in a dim little attic-room. She does not like the look of things at all. Chinaman divines her feeling, and turns to give a reassuring wag of his head.

"All light—you no flaid. Now look see."

He throws open a small door, and reveals a closet of a room, furnished with a Chinese coat on the floor and a plate of food. And there, devouring the food with frightful voracity, is the lost dog.

Lady emotional: Wagner more responsive to hunger than to affection.

Hi Chang, placidly—"You think me no good for dog? You see nice loom, nice bed; feed him tlee time one day, heap high tone, all samee home."

Voice below, singing. Lady starts up with alarmed exclamation. Dog howls.

Voice below—"Where is that howling dervish of a brute? Here, you, Chang Hi! Chy Chang!"

Lady, in whisper—"S-h! Waggy!" To Chinaman—"Do—do show me another way down!"

Hi Chang—"No more way. Boss good man; he no mad you."

Waggy's wail continues. Gentleman stamps up stairway. Lady retreats into darkest corner.

Gentleman, with ferocity—"Am I to have my house turned into a kennel for this yelping mongrel? Didn't I tell you I must be rid of him?"

Hi Chang, gently—"You tell me feed him cow, sheep, chickee—"

Gentleman swears, but stops, astounded, on seeing a dimly outlined figure in a corner.

Hi Chang, in explanation—"Lady catch him dog."

Gentleman—"You will kindly excuse any violent expressions, madam, but I confess the repeated visits of your dog have been rather annoying to me."

No response. Gentleman irately and curiously approaches figure. He stares, and stares harder; holds his breath, and finally exclaims—"Thunder and Mars! Impossible! Yes, without a doubt!"

Lady, in muffled tones—"I am here only for my dog. I had to come myself to get him. I thought some good old farmer lived here."

She makes a movement to pass the gentleman, who holds out a detaining hand.

"But, Millicent, this extraordinary meeting must be explained."

Millicent, scornfully—"You should know that I never make explanations."

Gentleman—"But I was so sure you had gone to Europe."

Millicent—"Yes? You thought yourself sure of a good many things. Who said I was in Europe?" Gentleman, subduedly—"No one said so. I guessed so—and came straight this way."

Millicent, sardonically—"So did I—by an unfortunate coincidence of ideas."

A good deal of animated discussion follows. Hi Chang delicately retires into the small room, keeping one eye fitted to narrow chink of door. His reflections—"Me sabe now what for he so much tinkee, and likee give dog sheep, bull, chickee. Have big fuss; he go way. He sit down, think, think, all samee not pteelee wommee in world. He heap mad; he likee never more get please. She come; she look velly nicee; he forget one minnee. She no forget—she talk make him solly—wommee heap smart—man no can all time find out."

Lady—"You grant that you gave me more than provocation?"

Gentleman, abjectly—"Yes, you were justified, entirely. But a man can't help the mad things he does when he is jealous."

Millicent, speaking fast—"I don't in the least refer to things you did when you were jealous—if you were so. It was the real indignities I suffered through her. And, by the way, where is she now?"

Gentleman—"I have not seen her since that hideous week at Tumido Park."

Millicent—"Ah, really! how wonderfully, with what fortitude, you endured the horrors of that week. We noticed, didn't we, Wagner?"

Gentleman, grappling at diversion—"No wonder that beast's howl was so familiar."

Millicent, reproachfully—"You threatened to hang him. But you hated dear little Wagner always."

Gentleman—"Because you doted on him, and I looked on him as a sort of bond between you and the man who gave him to you."

Millicent, aggrievedly—"Oh, cruel suspicions! Wagner was so like my grandmother's pet, Judy, and in some way he always recalled to me my dear grandmother" (gentleman snickers blasphemously, but Millicent does not notice). "Afterward I loved Waggy for himself—in my troubled hours he seemed to understand and sympathize, and—he hated her so!"

Gentleman, agreeably—"He used to snivel around her as if he adored her—"

Millicent, in low interjectory, mimicking some one else—"Clever little Wagner!"

"—Till she boxed his ears for tearing her

lace. He was cowed, but a *bonbon* always brought him wriggling back. Admirable sympathy, powerful understanding!"

Millicent, languidly—"Wagner, we will now leave, and promise Mr. Vandervere not to disturb him again."

Mr. Vandervere, in commotion—"Millicent, you cannot think of breaking off in this cold-blooded way?"

Millicent, sighing—"You seem happy, I exist at least, in peace and obscurity. A life of solitude and loneliness is not so unendurable as one in which mind and heart are daily tortured."

Hi Chang, sighing responsively—"She get him all likee she want now. She talk heap pity."

Much persuasion and entreaty on one side; remissness and reproach on the other.

Millicent, finally, with decision—"You admit, then, that your affair with that person was a disgrace to yourself and a wrong to me?"

Vandervere, expostulating weakly—"But, dear Millicent, in justice to her I could not admit that much."

Millicent, half way down-stairs—"So you prefer to do an injustice to your wife? Very well. Consider this meeting merely an accident. We continue apart."

Vandervere, desperately—"No; I know, dear-est, I did make a fool of myself, and she was imprudent."

Millicent, with staggery mirth—"Imprudent?" Vandervere—"Then, exacting of attention."

Millicent—"For exacting, say *ravenous*; for attention, say *intrigue*."

Vandervere, wildly—"Yes—yes, she likes somebody around always, hankers after fun, or, what's your word?—*intrigue*, anything you choose."

Millicent, sadly—"It was unworthy of you to allow such a person to keep you dangling after her."

Vandervere, recitatively—"It was unworthy of me."

They are now quite down-stairs. Hi Chang tiptoes out into vacated hall, grinning and wabbling his chubby neck.

"Melican wiffee heap smart; she say, 'Me do 'long, what for you make me do?' Then husband think he may be so velly bad man." He pensively resumes hash-chopping in kitchen. Enter Odella, tumultuously, making confused exclamations. Hi Chang chops on.

Odella—"Isn't there a tongue in your head to answer a body?" Hi Chang swirls around, waving hash-chopper and grinning fiendishly. Odella, desperately brave, slaps at him with sun-bonnet, as she backs out of door.

Hi Chang, with lightning transformation into grotesque mirth—"Before you lose him dog, now you lose him lady. Evly time lose him something, you come ask me. Sometime you no can find you head, you maybe so come ask me. Me think," with critical scrutiny of Odella's top-piece, "you lose him head, nobody steal him."

Odella, gurgling with rage—"Oh, it's not me that minds your impudence. It's my lady I'm looking for, and I'll find her or die!"

Hi Chang, in a squeaking whisper—"One minnee, me show you. My boss catch him dog, then catch him lady. He take outside, and" (he makes a few hideously significant passes with the knife, unpleasantly close to Odella's throat, smiling a satantic smile as he does so) "you sabe—he make play, all samee dog and chickee."

Odella, with hollow lightness of tone—"And so you're thinking to make a fool of me entirely?"

Hi Chang—"You no b'lieve?" He slides over to window and gazes around. Then stepping out of door, calls to the excited Odella: "You come, me show you." She follows; Chinaman, still dangling hash-chopper, and stepping cat-like, makes a winding course among the out-buildings. He stops at a small tool-house near the orchard, and flattens himself against the wall, one eye peering around the corner. He beckons to Odella: "S'h! no make him noise."

Odella plants herself at the wall, and thrusts her head out above the Chinaman's.

"In the name of St. Patrick!"

Object of exclamation—two figures side by side on narrow box under an apple-tree, a dog stretched across the two laps.

Odella, after long study of the scene—"It's the live man, and not his ghost. Everything made up, and no divorce, after all she's been saying. And me wearing my soul away three months in this pagan land, ten miles from confession. The saints above can't tell what a woman will do when she's got a husband!"

Hi Chang, reprovingly—"No make him fuss, spoil evlything. Velly pretty lady! My boss heap sabe. Me sabe, too. Me work hard, get money, go back China, catch him wiffee, heap fat, littee foot. Tlee hundred dollar wiffee! You likee catch him husband? Me flaid take big money—maybe so tlee 'ousan' dollar—eh?"

NEW YORK'S MASONIC JUBILEE.

A GRAND Masonic Jubilee, to be held simultaneously in 717 lodges throughout the State of New York, on Wednesday evening, April 24th—the date on which this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER appears—will celebrate the emancipation of the fraternity in this State from debt, after half a century's struggle. The 75,000 Freemasons of the Empire State naturally rejoice at the announcement in the encyclical letter recently issued by Grand Master Frank R. Lawrence that the indebtedness of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund has been discharged to the last dollar. As long ago as 1842, a fund was started for the erection of a Masonic Hall. In 1870 the fund amounted to \$340,000. Then the property on Twenty-third Street, New York city, was purchased, and the work on the hall begun. The hall was opened in 1874, and cost \$1,243,953.78. The furniture and decorations brought the total up to nearly \$2,000,000, all of which has now been paid. There is also in the hands of the Grand Master \$82,000 as the nucleus of the Asylum Fund. The present jubilee will, of course, centre in the

stately temple, just mentioned, at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, where over 3,000 Masons, belonging to 65 city lodges, will meet, in addition to 93 other New York city lodges which will meet at their regular lodge-rooms. The ceremonies will embrace appropriate addresses, devotional exercises and music. A handsome bronze medal, commemorating the jubilee and its occasion, 2½ inches in diameter, suitably inscribed and inclosed in a plush-lined morocco case, has been struck.

The sketches artistically grouped on page 185 illustrate the Masonic Hall, the head-quarters of the State Grand Lodge. In the view of the exterior of the building, the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad, which passes on the western side, is necessarily eliminated.

OVER THE OKLAHOMA BORDERS.

OUR correspondent in the Oklahoma country adds this week views of Oklahoma City and Purcell to the interesting and historic series of pictures now current in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Before this number reaches the public, the date of the formal opening of the Promised Land (April 22) will have been passed, and the hundreds of thousands of impatient boomers will be well within its borders, actively engaged in settling their homestead claims. That this may be accomplished peaceably is to be hoped, though it can hardly be expected. The original boomers—the early Oklahoma agitators of months' and even years' standing—have been waiting on the borders until they have become impoverished, and crushed, as it were, beneath the weight of the more recent arrivals. It is understood that a kind of secret league is in force among these old boomers, each member of which takes a solemn oath to defend, "at the point of his life if needs be, against outlaw or force of arms," his brother's claim. High winds and heavy rains last week caused the destruction of many provisions and supplies in the camps, and will necessitate the dependence of many unfortunates upon charity.

The first serious affray on the territory was reported on Wednesday last week, between parties of boomers, cattlemen and Chickasaw police, at the ford at Chisholm's cattle-trail, forty miles west of Oklahoma City. One of the guards, two cattlemen and one boomer were killed.

NEW YORK IN 1789.

FROM various authentic sources, a series of characteristic views of New York city a century ago, when it was the Federal capital and the scene of Washington's inauguration and residence, have been reproduced and grouped together on pages 188-89. In a number of instances, these are contrasted with pictures of the same localities as they appear to-day.

In the year 1789, only five years after the evacuation by the British, the city was rapidly recovering from the desolation of that long "held by the enemy" period, and from two disastrous fires, which had destroyed several hundred houses. The population was estimated at 30,000. The city proper extended from the Battery as far north as Reade Street, while lines of dwellings and farms stretched further northward along the line of the Bowery Road on the east, and toward Richmond Hill (Varick and Charlton Streets) and Greenwich village on the west. Broadway, after crossing a bridge at Canal Street, straggled into the marshes at Broome Street, and was lost. The site of the present Tombs prison was occupied by a miniature lake, called the Fresh Water Pond; and the adjacent swampy region was afterward drained by the canal extending westward through the Lispenard marshes to the Hudson River—the line of modern Canal Street. The best private residences were grouped about the Battery, Bowling Green (where cannon still boomed salutes from the walls of old Fort George), Broadway, Queen (Pearl), Chatham and Division Streets, and the Bowery Road. They were usually built of brick, after the London style. The avenues mentioned were broad and pleasant thoroughfares, shaded by Lombardy poplars.

Amongst the notable buildings were the Federal Hall in Wall Street, Washington's residence at Franklin Square, Governor Clinton's in Pearl Street, and those of the rich merchants, "gentry," foreign ministers, etc., in the neighborhood of the Bowling Green; France's Tavern, at Pearl and Broad Streets; the Bridewell, prison and almshouse, where the City Hall now stands; the Theatre, in John Street; and the churches, including St. Paul's, the John Street Methodist, the second structure of Trinity, the Garden Street Dutch, the Middle Dutch in Nassau Street, the North Dutch in William, the Lutheran in "the Swamp," St. George's on Chapel Hill, the French Church in Pine Street, the Friends' Church in Pearl, the Jewish Synagogue in Mill Street, the Presbyterian at Beekman and Nassau, the Baptist in Gold Street, the Moravian in Fair Street, and the Roman Catholic in Barclay. Of all the above-named buildings, only St. Paul's Church and France's Tavern are standing to-day.

Socially, the Gotham of a hundred years ago was, as became the newly created capital of the nation, a centre of elegance, fashion and amusement. "The houses," writes an English Max O'Rell sojourning here at that period, "are furnished with everything that is useful, agreeable or ornamental, and many of them are fitted up in tasteful magnificence. The dress of the gentlemen is plain, elegant and fashionable, and corresponds in every respect with the English costume. The ladies in general seem more partial to the light, various and dashing drapery of the Parisian belles than to the elegant and becoming attire of our London beauties, who improve upon the French fashions. But there are many who prefer the English costume, or, at least, a medium between that and the French. In walking Broadway some mornings, I have been frequently tempted to believe, while admiring the beautiful forms that passed in review before me, that there existed a sort of rivalry among the New York beauties, as there did years ago among the ladies of England; and that instead of a patch on the right or left cheek, to denote a Whig or Tory, methought I could discover a pretty Democrat à la mode Française, or a sweet little Federalist à la mode Anglaise." Trade and manufactures flourished, and there were shops of every description well stocked with European and Indian, as well as domestic goods. In short, in the New York of 1789, though at that time it was surpassed in size and wealth by Philadelphia, the future glories of the Republic's great metropolis were already dimly foreshadowed.

The Lower House of the Minnesota Legislature has passed the Bill establishing the Australian ballot system in that State.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE QUEENS AT SAN SEBASTIAN.

A PICTURESQUE feature of the recent meeting of Queen Victoria of England and the Queen-regent Christina of Spain, at San Sebastian, was the reception of the two widowed sovereigns by the mayor of the city, at the Town-hall in the old Plaza, which presented a curious appearance, the quaint old houses being crowded to the roofs with peasants in their characteristic costumes. There the Queens were received by the Mayor, and witnessed a performance of the national Pasque dance and some national sports from the windows.

AN INCIDENT OF AN ITALIAN REVIEW.

At Udine, on the 14th ult., during one of those showy military reviews of which the Italian Army is so fond, occurred the incident upon which the artist has seized. A lady, becoming bewildered in front of a division of cavalry approaching at full gallop down a narrow passage, was in imminent danger of being trampled to death. Two carabinieri, on foot, rushed to the rescue, and, supporting the fainting lady between them, interposed their own bodies in front of the dashing horses. At a fearful risk, they succeeded in turning aside, to right and left, the whole body of cavalymen, who could neither stop nor "spread out" in the circumscribed roadway. The two soldiers saved the lady's life, and escaped injury themselves, winning thereby the enthusiastic applause of the army and the people.

THE TRIAL OF FRENCH PATRIOTIC LEAGUERS.

The attack of the Tirard Ministry upon General Boulanger and the League of Patriots is illustrated in the picture showing the scene in the Palais de Justice, Paris, during the interrogation of leading members, at the opening of the trial. Those who appear in the picture are MM. Déroulede, Naquet, Richard, Turquet, Laguerre and Laisant. They are charged with belonging to an unlicensed and secret society. M. Déroulede, the central figure, has been the chief promoter, and the heart and soul, of the association. He maintained that the League had been tacitly recognized for the seven years of its existence; that it never had any secret aim—its design being to "regenerate the country, which was debased at home and abroad." The "military organization" complained of also had existed throughout, and was merely intended to secure systematic action in the event of a sudden dissolution and general election; while the plan of sending instructions other than by the post or telegraph had been adopted to avoid letters and telegrams being opened by the Government authorities. The League had no arms, but admittedly promoted popular demonstrations, and notably one in December, 1887, when it prevented the election to the Presidency of a candidate "who would have provoked civil war" (M. Jules Simon). This line of answer was adopted, with variations, by all the accused.

THE EIFFEL TOWER CROWNED.

The completion of the wonderful iron tower for the Paris Exposition, which has attained its full height of 984 feet (300 meters), was celebrated by M. Eiffel, with a dozen guests, who ascended to the summit and hoisted the tricolor, amid much cheering and a salvo of twenty-one guns. Congratulatory speeches were duly made, and M. Eiffel's health was drunk in bumpers of champagne. A lunch was subsequently given, at which M. Tirard was present, a couple of hundred of the workmen being also entertained; and M. Eiffel made a speech, announcing his satisfaction at having hoisted a flag on the highest monument man had ever constructed.

BRITISH MANŒUVRES AT GIBRALTAR.

The Illustrated London News gives a spirited picture of a novel and interesting series of operations carried out at the famous Rock of Gibraltar, on the 13th ult., with a view to testing the promptitude with which the garrison could turn out to resist a sudden attack by a powerful iron-clad fleet. The supposed enemy was represented by the Channel Squadron, under the command of Vice-admiral Baird, and consisting of H. M. S. Northumberland (flag-ship), the Agincourt, Monarch, Iron Duke and Curlew. The "general idea" of the operations was that a hostile fleet was known to be cruising in the vicinity, and that an attack on the Rock might be made. The result was such as to offer little encouragement for any attack of the kind in earnest.

THE CENTENNIAL LOAN EXHIBITION.

IN the Assembly Rooms at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York city, there was opened to the public, on Thursday of last week, the much-talked-of loan collection of pictures, art-objects, relics, etc., relating to George Washington and his time, which will prove one of the most interesting features of the Centennial celebration. Mr. Henry G. Marquand formally opened the exhibition on Wednesday evening, when many distinguished visitors were present. The collection consists of portraits, prints, relics, objects of art, miniatures, silverware, stuffs, costumes, old letters, newspapers, and countless other objects of value from their history and association. The pictures, which are of special interest, include no less than forty portraits of Washington, nineteen of which are original paintings by C. W. and Rembrandt Peale, Gilbert Stuart, John Trumbull, Joseph Wright, T. P. Rossiter, and other famous artists. Amongst the relics, Washington's dress sword; the original suit worn by him at his inauguration; Mrs. Washington's favorite brown satin gown; Lafayette's sash, worn at the battle of the Brandywine; autograph letters of Benedict Arnold, Paul Jones, John Hancock, John André, Braddock and others, and a thousand objects such as snuff-boxes, jeweled pins, buckles, etc., will delight the lovers of history and the antique.

HE IS TOO CANDID.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York Sun says: "The President is causing a good deal of annoyance and chagrin among the politicians here by his candor in describing the kind of men he wants and the kind of men he don't want to appoint to office. He is listening attentively to what the office-seekers say, but is all the time looking over their heads among the people. To a delegation who presented the name of a candidate for office, and urged his appointment on account of his poverty, the President said, quite sternly: 'You must not come here to ask me to make an appointment for any such reason. I cannot give an office to this man simply because he is poor. While I sympathize with him deeply, and know what it is to be poor myself, and while I have seen the time

when I would have liked any office that had a good salary attached to it, I do not think it is proper to use such arguments to secure appointments in the public service.'

"Another delegation went to him to urge the appointment of a broken-down politician who had been an excellent man in his time, and of great service to the party. After listening to the recital of the biography of the candidate, the President replied: 'I know this man very well. I have known of him since long before the war, ever since I have been reading newspapers, and I recognize the value of his services in the past; but I cannot appoint him to this office. The man I appoint to this office will not be selected for what he has done, but for what he can do. It is a place which needs an active, energetic, able young man, and we must find some other asylum for our old friend.'"

FACTS OF INTEREST.

TWELVE THOUSAND emigrants sailed from Liverpool for the United States during the week ending April 13th.

HUNDREDS of American teachers will attend the World's Sunday-school Convention, which will take place in London in July next. A Cunard steamship has been chartered, and will carry the excursionists at the rate of \$160 each, which covers all expenses of the trip.

THE message of President Diaz to the Mexican Congress shows that the past year has been a prosperous one for the republic. The mining industries have been largely developed, the cultivation of the vine and the breeding of the silk-worm are making steady progress, and during the year more than five millions of hectares of public land have been surveyed by companies duly authorized, and are now available for colonization or sale.

THE Chicago capitalists interested in the transfer of the famous Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago have begun the tearing down of the building and its transportation to Chicago. One hundred and thirty cars will be employed in making the transfer, at a cost of nearly \$10,000. The purchase price of the old prison, the labor necessary to preserve the identity of each particular brick, and the transportation and re-erection, will cost the projectors fully \$75,000.

PROFESSOR W. T. HORSADAY, of the Smithsonian Institution, in a report on the extermination of the American bison, shows that within less than a quarter of a century the animal, from being one of the most numerous in the country, has become practically extinct. The total number now living, both wild and domesticated, so far as can be learned, is less than 750. Of these, 243 are domesticated. The only herds of any size remaining are in the Yellowstone National Park and in Canada, several hundred miles north of the United States border. They number about 200 head each.

THE full accounts of the Samoan disaster show that the natives displayed the greatest kindness toward the Americans. A day or two after the calamity, two parties, numbering several hundred natives, came into Apia, one from the Island of Savai and the other from Manono, and marched through the town singing, each man carrying in his hand a gift for the American admiral. When they arrived in front of the Consulate they placed in the yard great quantities of chickens, coconuts, hams, tams, and other articles of food. Other incidents bear equally striking testimony to the excellent and amiable character of the natives. The aid which they gave so cheerfully and willingly to the shipwrecked Americans was perhaps to be expected, as they look to the Americans for protection from German aggression; but in the presence of death and disaster their grievances against the Germans were forgotten, and they risked their lives in heroic efforts to rescue the men from the foundered German ships, and saved the lives of many of their aforetime enemies.

THE portrait collection of Heinrich Wolff, for many years a professor of the University of Bonn, has been purchased by Mrs. E. W. Leavenworth and presented to Syracuse University. The portraits, 12,000 in all, comprise those of the most eminent physicians, geographers, explorers, chemists, and legal leaders, in all branches of science, in all lands and in all ages. All styles of engravings and etchings are represented, and the collection is particularly rich in proof copies in their best state. Every important master of engraving and etching in the world is represented. Of many of the subjects there are several portraits, representing different ages, different attitudes and expressions. There are, for example, no less than thirty-nine different portraits of Paracelsus. The entire collection is elaborately catalogued. The catalogue comprises forty-seven large octavo volumes of manuscript, containing extensive notes and information concerning the subjects of the portraits and the artists by whom the prints were executed. It is, in brief, a compendious encyclopedia of biography and art.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 12TH.—In Portsmouth, N. H., Captain William Parker, the veteran shipmaster, aged 85 years. April 13th.—In Philadelphia, Pa., John P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior under President Lincoln, aged 73 years; in New York, John G. Davis, a trustee of the Brooklyn Bridge, aged 74 years. April 14th.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-admiral William R. Taylor, U. S. N. (retired), aged 77 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., ex-Congressman Simeon B. Chittenden, aged 75 years; in Chicago, Ill., John D. Jennings, the millionaire real-estate dealer, aged 73 years. April 15th.—In New York, General Charles K. Graham, ex-Surveyor of the Port of New York, aged 65 years; in New York, John H. Crook, the restaurant-keeper, aged 69 years; in New York, School Commissioner William Asbury Cole, aged 54 years; in Gloversville, N. Y., Allen C. Churchill, a prominent Republican politician, aged 69 years; in New York, John Callahan, the hatter; in Breslau, Germany, United States Consul Henry Dithmar, April 16th.—In Sheffield, Mass., Dr. J. Leland Miller, aged 77 years; in New York, George T. Batterson, the marble and granite dealer, aged 59 years; in Albany, N. Y., John G. White, a well-known old resident and business man, aged 88 years; in Alexandria, Va., Judge C. E. Stuart, April 17th.—In New York, Colonel Jacob M. Long, aged 68 years; in Baltimore, Md., Allen Bowie Davis, the eminent agriculturist, aged 80 years; in Peckskill, N. Y., Francis B. Guest, aged 70 years; in Orange, N. J., General Samuel K. Dawson, United States Army, aged 61 years. April 19th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Excise Commissioner John Cunningham, aged 54 years; in Newton, Mass., Rev. Dr. Bradford K. Pierce, the well-known Methodist preacher and writer, aged 70 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is said that the Czar of Russia will visit Paris during the Exposition.

It is reported from China that Hon. O. N. Denny, Adviser to the King of Corea, has decided to resign his post and return to the United States.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will be dined by the Young Men's Democratic Club of New York city on May 20th. It is expected that 1,000 persons will attend the banquet.

ALBERT BRIGHT, the Unionist and Tory candidate, has been elected to the British Parliament in Central Birmingham by 5,610 votes, against 2,560 for the Gladstonian candidate.

SENATOR QUAY has been obliged to give up his house in Washington to avoid the importunities of office-seekers. He will keep in hiding at one place and another for some time to come.

A PRIVATE letter received in San Francisco from Honolulu on Friday, April 12th, states that Robert Louis Stevenson is very ill at a hotel in that city, and that fears are entertained that he may not recover.

THE President has appointed William H. Whitman, of New Mexico, to be Associate-justice of the Supreme Court of that Territory, and Mr. Robert B. Porter, of New York, to be Superintendent of the Census.

MRS. HANNAH BATTERSEY, said to be the largest woman in the world, died in Philadelphia on the 15th inst. She had traveled for many years with Barnum's Show. She was over six feet high, and weighed nearly 600 pounds.

THE New York Tribune of the 20th inst. contained the following announcement: "Mr. Whitelaw Reid having taken office abroad, under the Government, retires herewith from the editorship and direction of the Tribune." Mr. Reid's successor as managing editor is not announced.

A BRILLIANT reception was given to Postmaster-general Wanamaker by the Union League of Philadelphia, last week. One of the features of the affair was the Wanamaker punch, made of Schnyl-kill water and ice. Out of deference to Mr. Wanamaker's total-abstinence views, nothing stronger than coffee was served.

MR. E. S. LACEY, of Michigan, has been appointed Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Lacey is President of the First National Bank of Charlotte, Mich. He represented the Third District of that State in the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses, during which time he was a member of the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures. He has had twenty-five years' experience in the banking business, and is said to possess excellent qualifications for his new office.

SOME time ago Mrs. Langtry engaged a chef at a salary of \$15 a day, to take entire charge and provide everything for her kitchen. The chef, a Frenchman by the name of Broche, soon found out that, owing to the luxurious tastes of his mistress, the sum allowed him was entirely inadequate for the contract. He brought in a bill for extra marketing, amounting to \$225, which Mrs. Langtry refused to pay. He has now brought suit against her in the New York courts.

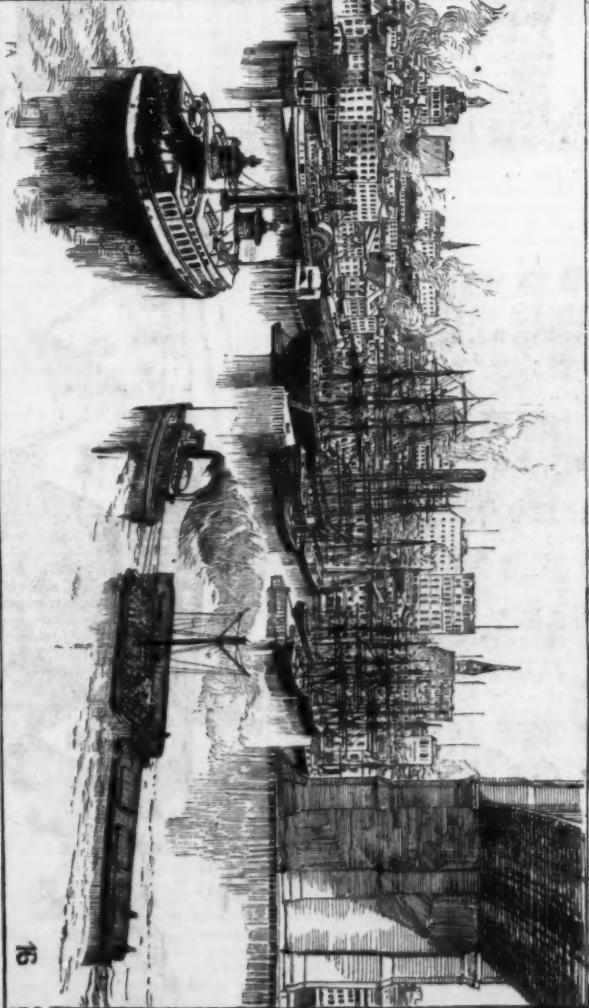
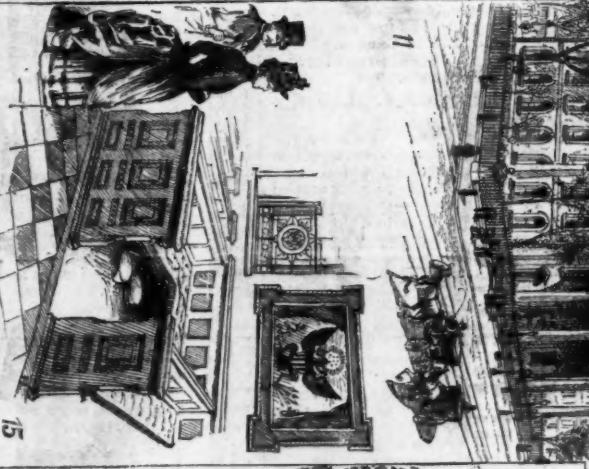
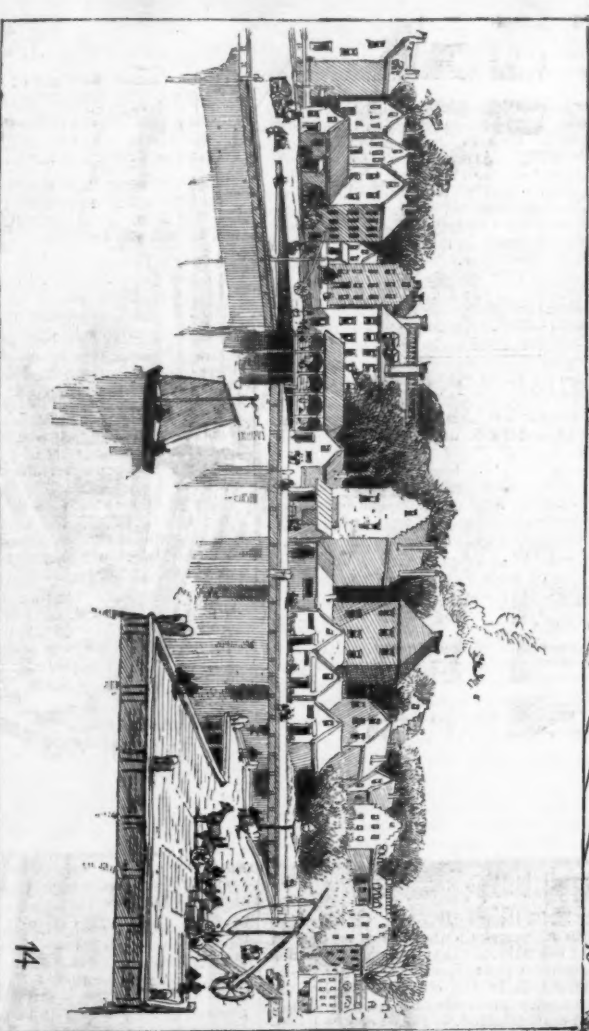
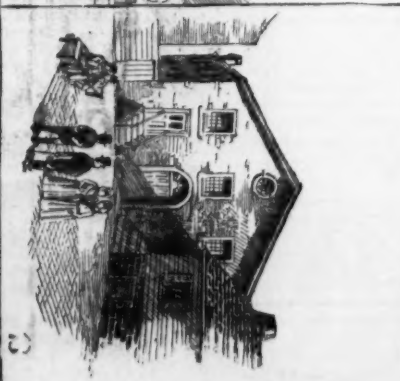
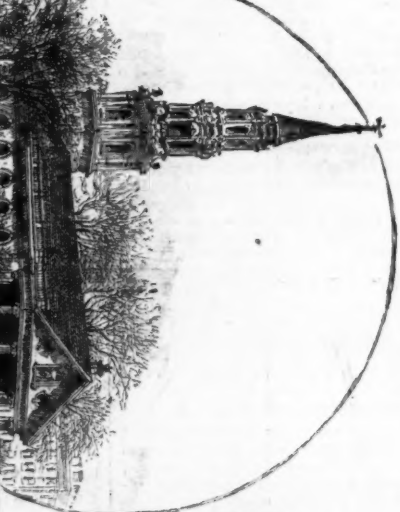
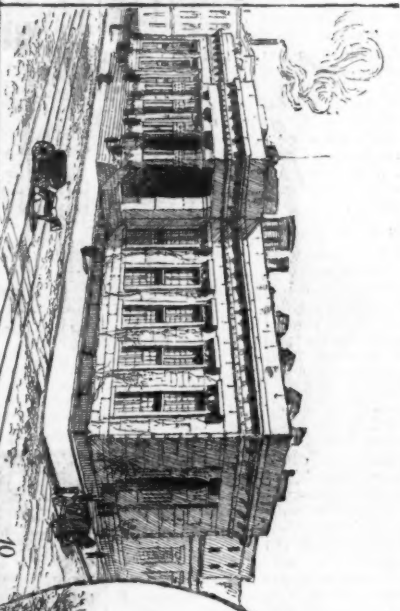
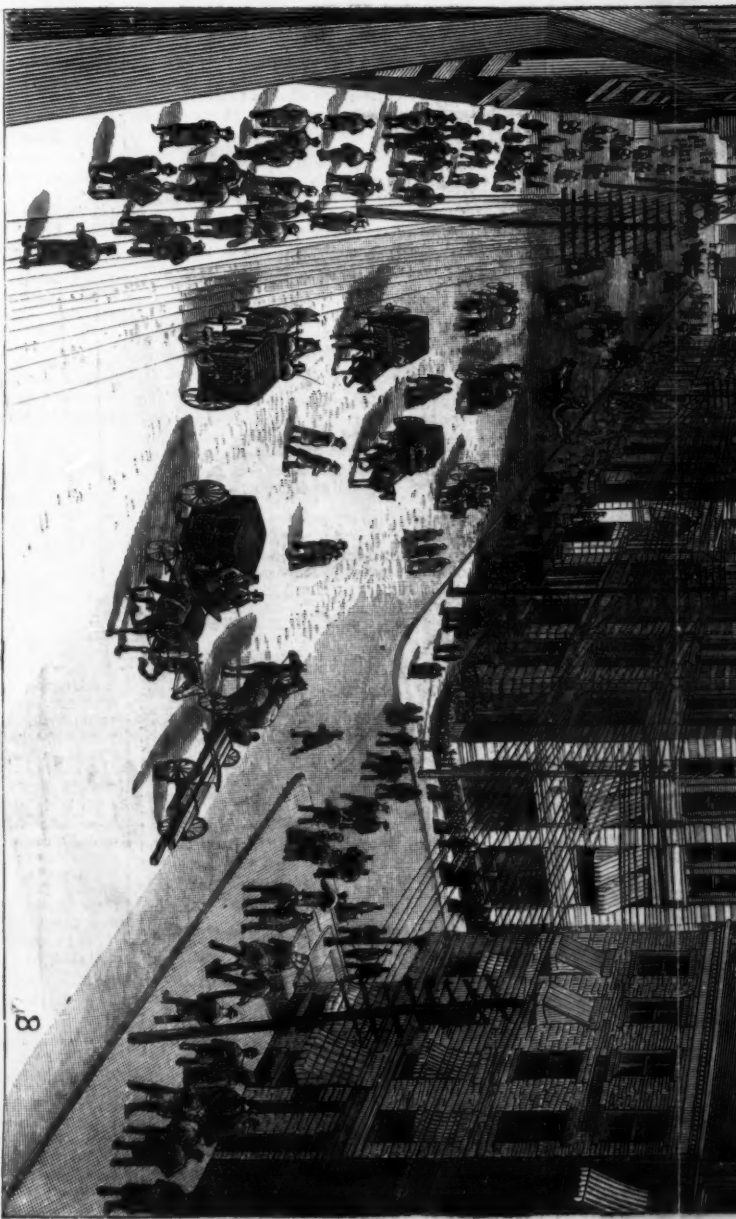
HERMAN OELRICHS, the North German Lloyd steam-ship owner, so well known in New York, has introduced a new idea in dinners. He lost a dinner on a wager with some friends the other day, and had the option of saying where it should take place. As Mr. Oelrichs was about to sail for Europe on the day preceding the dinner, he sent each of his guests a chart of the Atlantic Ocean and invited them to meet him on a spot designated in the vessel's course. A more substantial banquet will follow upon his return.

It is plain that J. Lowrie Bell, the new Superintendent of Railway-mail Service, did not go into the Government employ merely to make money. He was earning as a "railroad expert" about \$20,000, and just before he was asked to take his present office he received a fee of \$5,000 for his advice and work in one railroad case. His salary as superintendent is only \$4,000 a year. He took the office at the personal request of the Postmaster-general and against his personal inclinations and interests. He is going in to make a high record for executive ability and efficiency.

SENATOR MORRILL, of Vermont, celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday on the 13th inst. Among the floral tributes received on the occasion was an immense oval mound of white and yellow pansies, bordered with other pansies of dark purple, and the figures "79" in the latter shade of blossoms were inwrought on the light background. The card attached bore, in the President's handwriting, the compliments and congratulations of himself and Mrs. Harrison. Mr. Morrill wore in his lapel a bunch of white cherry-blossoms, a part of the gift of a near neighbor and a long-time friend.

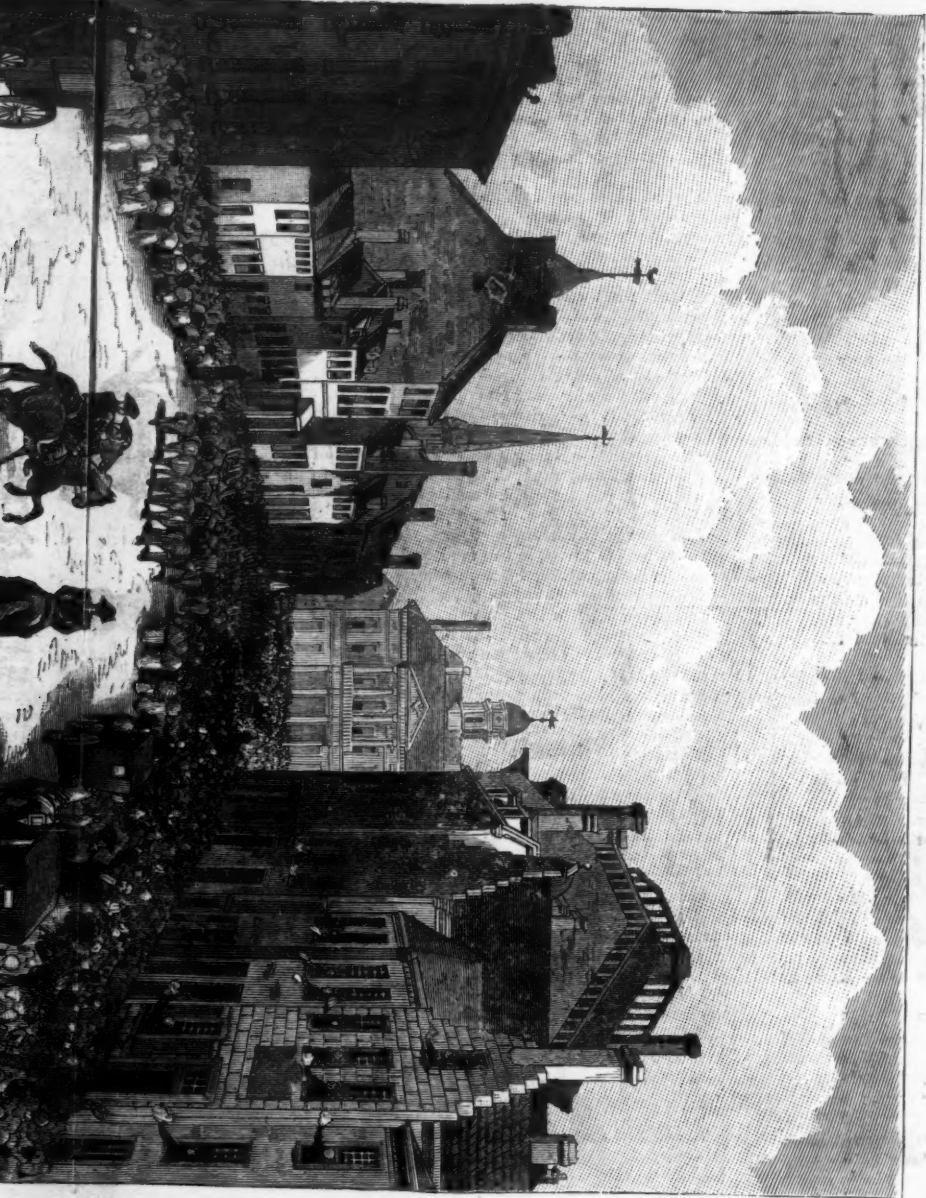
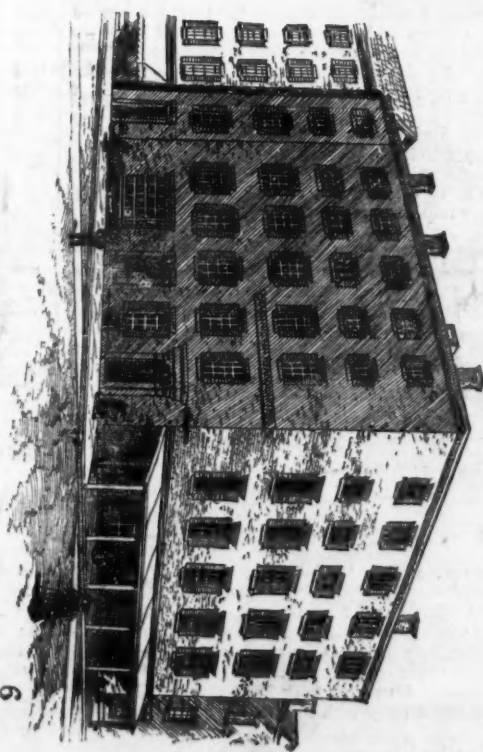
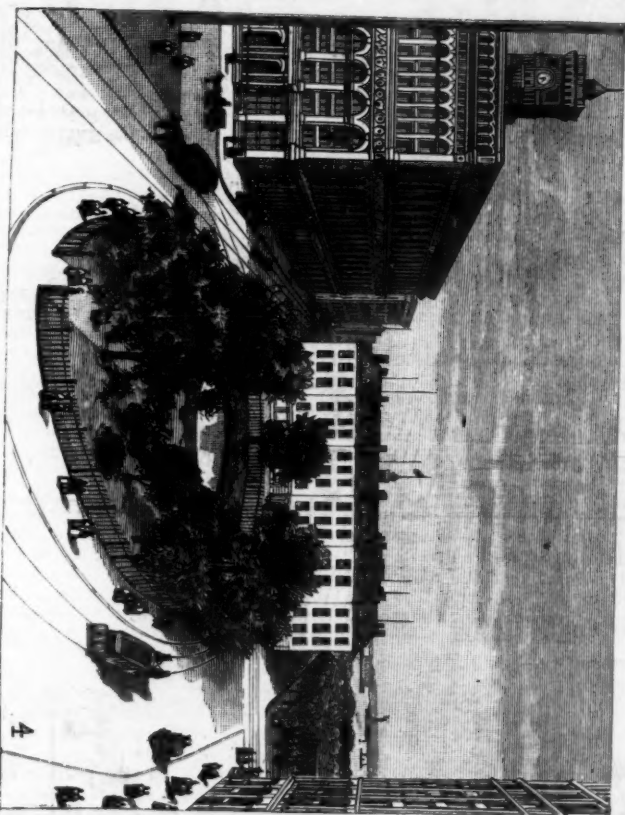
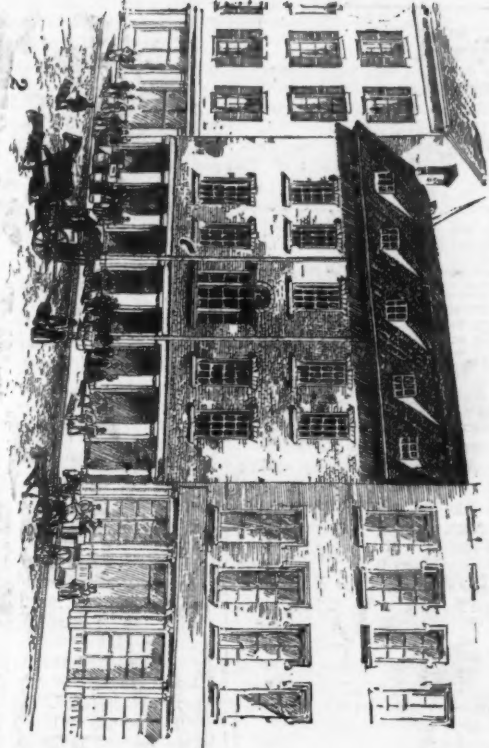
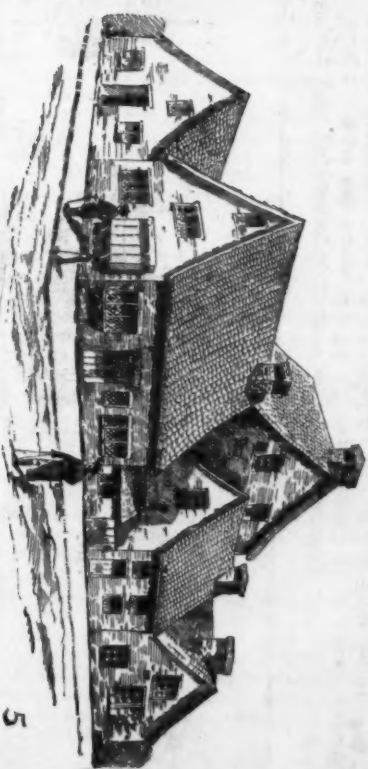
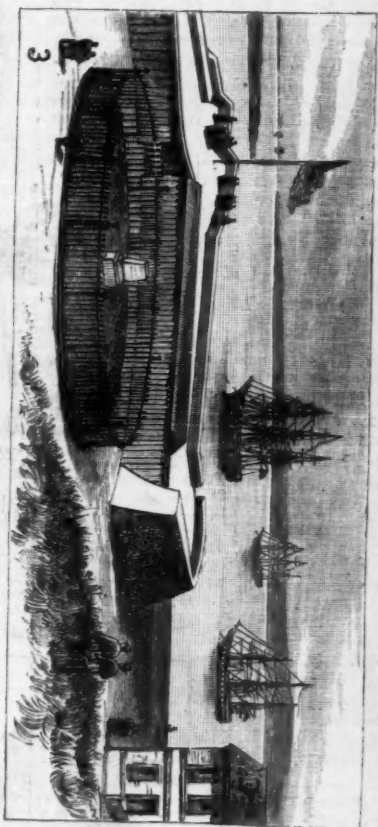
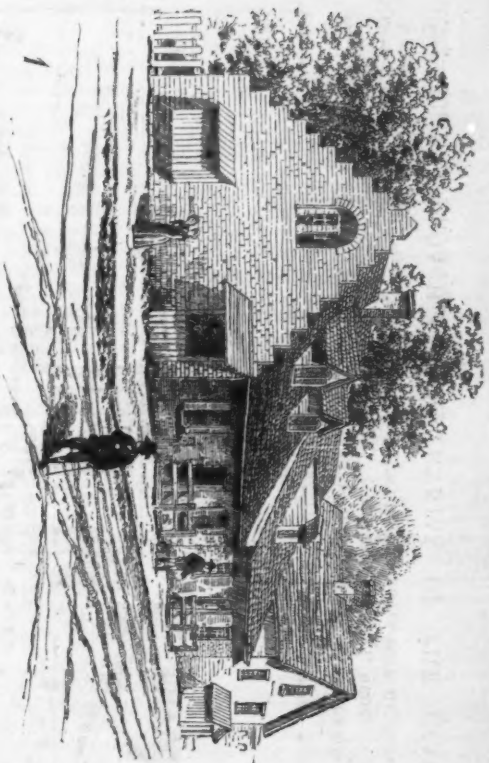
THERE is a split in the Tory-Unionist party of Birmingham, England, growing out of Mr. Chamberlain's action in forcing Lord Randolph Churchill out of the field as a candidate for the seat of the late John Bright. The Tories refuse to have anything to do with the Liberal-Unionists, and serious results may follow. Mr. Smalley says, in the Tribune: "The alliance between the Tories and the Liberal-Unionists all over the country is in greater peril than ever. Mr. Chamberlain, too, is in some peril. His strength in Birmingham, outside his own division, depends mainly on Tory support. So does his prestige in the country. Till he has explained his conduct to Lord Randolph Churchill, he will get no Tory support, no toleration even." The gravity of the situation is increased by the fact that Lord Randolph Churchill has publicly declared a certain statement of Mr. Chamberlain to be "utterly false."

A DINNER was given last week by the Chinese Minister in Washington in honor of the new Administration, only Republican members of the Supreme Court and the Senate being invited. The dinner was thoroughly Occidental, so much so that the two Mahometans present, representing Turkey and Persia, did full justice to the wine course, and the Turkish Minister departed so widely from his national usage as to appear without his fez. The Persian Minister enjoyed himself immensely, and afforded much entertainment to the rest of the company. He insisted upon talking English, although he knows French perfectly, and his neighbors understood French. He said, in explaining his preference: "I am American. I have beautiful girl—very beautiful girl. She teach me English long time. I speak English very good." In addition to this, he explained that he understood English, because he had been in England. He was asked how long he was there, and said eight hours. "Plenty, too much," he added.



1. NORTH-EAST CORNER OF EXCHANGE PLACE AND BROAD STREET. 2. RESIDENCE OF GOV. CLINTON AND WASHINGTON'S QUARTERS. 3. AND 4. THE BATTERY AND BOWLING GREEN IN 1789 AND 1889. 5. CORNER OF LIBERTY AND WILLIAM STREETS, 1789. 6. FRANKLIN'S TAVERN, WHERE WASHINGTON TOOK LEAVE OF HIS OFFICERS. 7. BROAD STREET, LOOKING TOWARD WALL STREET, 1789. 8. BROAD STREET, LOOKING TOWARD WALL STREET, 1889. 9. THE SITE OF THE TOMBS IN 1789. 10. THE TOMBS. 11. ST. PAUL'S CHURCH. 12. THE OLD BRIDGEWELL, THE TOMBS OF 1789, SITUATED IN CITY HALL PARK. 13. THE OLD JOHN STREET METHODIST CHURCH, 1789. 14. AN EAST RIVER FRONT, 1789. 15. FEW USED BY WASHINGTON IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH. 16. AN EAST RIVER FRONT, 1889. 1789.—THE APPROACHING CENTENNIAL OF THE INAUGURATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—NEW YORK, PAST AND PRESENT.—1889.

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 187.



For Dayber's Echo:

THE
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY

CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).

"I FOUND out," continued Mrs. Irene Pankington, "several things about Mrs. Black which I did not like. But I found, or tried to find, and believed I did find, excuses for them all. In the first place, she was not quite honest with her various circles of acquaintances; she moved, more or less, in two or three grades of society; regarding herself, if you can understand what I mean by it, as a constituent atom in each of several distinct social strata, and thoroughly adapting herself, at all times and under all circumstances, to the class of people among whom she moved. When you are told that in some circles she was quiet—sad—even stupid, while in others she was gay and witty, you will understand the grounds of my first arraignment of her.

"In the second place, there was a mystery about her, and instead of trying to explain it, or endeavoring to make it appear as though there were none, she seemed to take a pleasure in deepening and intensifying it.

"Do not misunderstand me. I heard no breath of scandal breathed against her in all those days. There was no hint of anything blameworthy about her. All the odium of the mystery was associated with her husband—the husband with whom she did not live.

"I found, too, if you'd like to hear a third charge against her, that she was inordinately ambitious. She sometimes struck me as almost unscrupulous, but with this strange thing true of it all—that she would not do evil herself, or think of doing it, though she might counsel or, indeed, urge it in another.

"I gradually became her most intimate friend, and yet I knew but little about her; as little, perhaps, as the laborer in the vineyard in the shadow of Vesuvius knows of the ancient horror which left the black night of almost a score of centuries over Pompeii and Herculaneum.

"And still, I did know something; I knew that she believed that she had been wronged regarding the possession of property somewhere, or that she chose to put it in that light; and I knew that the centre around which all her other ideas and ambitions circled was the fixed determination and belief that in the future all should be right.

"I knew, too, that she made acquaintances, many a time and oft, only to watch and study them, and that she would let one after another drop out of her favor, almost out of her acquaintance, when they had failed to satisfy the stern and severe mental analysis to which she had subjected them. I knew that she was a woman who would not hesitate to use her friends, if occasion required, and do so pitilessly. I was her friend. And yet—I was fool enough to think she cared for me for myself; I was blind enough to think she would not use me.

"I shall never forget the afternoon of the last day I ever saw her; the last day I ever saw my husband. I shall remember it, I firmly believe, keenly and vividly, into the gray and hoary ages of eternity.

"My husband kissed me, as usual, and went away to his work. I put my child to sleep. I called in my servant to watch the sleeping darling. I called my carriage. I rode to Mrs. Black's, and went in.

"The woman was evidently greatly agitated. She was walking the floor nervously. She did not invite me to a seat when I entered, nor did she take one herself.

"How much does your husband know of me?" she demanded, suddenly, turning upon me as I might imagine a wounded beast would turn upon the one who had injured it.

"I can hardly say," I replied; "he knows there is such a person. He has seen you once or twice. That is all."

"Do you think he likes me?"

"That's a strange question to ask, Mrs. Black," I replied; "and I don't understand you."

"He doesn't hate me?"

"Oh, no; he is not in the habit of hating my friends."

"He isn't jealous, then?"

"I suppose I flattered. I know I hesitated and stammered. Jealousy was the one mighty blemish in a character that was otherwise almost perfect. I cannot say just what words I used, so confused was I for a moment, but I told her the plain and simple truth.

"That's good, very good," she muttered, and I think not intentionally loud enough for me to hear; "I thought it was so." She nodded her head and rubbed her hands in a very self-satisfied way, looking earnestly and suggestively at me all the time. I felt my flesh beginning to creep. What was coming over me—and over my friend? She seemed actually uncanny—diabolical. For the first time in all my life I was afraid of a human being. And the fear was not for physical violence—not that; I felt as though some blow was about being aimed at my womanly purity and truth and honor. And I was right!

"Do you suppose," she said, after she had almost made me mad by her devilish notions and her crafty face, "that your husband would let you go away from home for a month or two?"

"If I wished it, and circumstances made it reasonable, I know he would."

"Will you give me a month of your time?"

"Where, and for what?"

"I'd rather not tell you until you promise to go. Will you go?"

"I must know what you wish, first of all," I said, firmly.

"She stamped her foot with rage.

"My husband has a certain task set him to do," she cried, "and he does not succeed as I think he should. I think he is playing me false. I must know. Will you go?"

"You wish me to play the spy upon your husband? Is that the work you desire me to do?"

"That is the work—partly," she said, patting the floor nervously with the toe of her trim boot; "will you go?"

"What else would you have me do?"

"Her anger flashed up stronger than ever, and she replied, very hotly.

"What else? Everything! See if my husband is doing as he ought. If he isn't, if your woman's wit sees any way in which the work can be done better, and the time shortened, make him do it as you suggest—or do the work yourself, and punish him! If you see a short cut, take it! Do? What else? God only knows what you may have to do for me before you are done! Will you go?"

"I answered her question this time by asking another.

"Why do you not go?" I asked.

"That is impossible, for many reasons," she said, slowly, "not the least of which is the fact that I know so little of the world. I have always kept my hands white—white—white," she concluded, raising her hands and looking at them in evident admiration.

"Why do you not send a detective?" I asked.

"A detective? Bah! You will be infinitely more clever, my dear, than any detective ever was. Besides, I want some one who hasn't any conscience—or who cannot afford to use it!"

"I have a conscience."

"Very likely, but—"

"And I can afford to use it."

"Can—yes—my—"

"I can. And I cannot afford to waste much more time on this subject. Please tell me why you want me to go."

"For several reasons. First, because I must have some one to do the work."

"Yes."

"Second, because I have studied you carefully, and have determined that you are weak enough to undertake the work—and strong enough to do it well. I need a tool. You are the best material for one I ever found. You will go!"

"You are mistaken. I will not go."

"Oh, yes, you will. I haven't spent weeks of work, in preparing for this dreaded crisis, to be foiled now. You will go. Will you go willingly—or shall I compel you to go?"

"I will not go willingly. You cannot compel me to go."

"Can I not? Shall I tell you how I propose to compel you?"

"No, madam," I said, sternly, "you need tell me no more. You have said I am weak; I have admitted that you are not wrong, by remaining thus long to listen to you. Unless you are mad, I will never forgive you. I never wish to see you or hear of you again!"

"She glided gracefully across the room, and, before I guessed what she intended doing, she had locked the door and put the key in her pocket.

"The windows of this room open on the back yard," she said, cheerfully, "and the wall is high. If you've any spare strength you think you will not need before you are done with this matter, please expend it by opening the windows and shouting."

"You shall pay dearly for this!" I cried.

"I'd like to know how?" she demanded. "You are known everywhere as my most intimate friend. Who would believe such a mad tale as yours would be, if you told the story of this afternoon interview with you? And besides, you will not care to tell it after you have served me as I desire. Shall I explain to you how I am going to compel you to go where I will and do what I wish?"

"You can, if you so please. I cannot avoid listening."

"Ah? You are getting sensible, at last, just as I knew all along that you would if I was only patient enough—and waited long enough. Well, I'll explain. You know the sort of reputation I have everywhere among my friends?"

"Yes."

"Well, I deserve it. It is all true—enough! But it might surprise you to know how I am regarded by those who do not know me—by the police who are on duty in this vicinity, for instance; you have never inquired, have you?"

"No."

"My husband visited me last night. That is the truth. But the two or three persons who saw him come in here, late in the afternoon, do not believe any such nonsense as that; you could not possibly make them believe it. Do you begin to see?"

"No."

"Well, unless you do as I wish, I'll write to your husband, and—"

"Write if you wish. A word from my own lips will—"

"He'll never hear it! If I must write, I will keep you here until my letter has had time to do its work, and—"

"I threw myself upon my knees before this pitiless woman.

"Spare me! spare me!" I cried. "Think of my innocent child, and—"

"Her face softened. But only for an instant. When it hardened, it was like flint.

"Ah? Your child? So you love your child, do you? I thank you for your suggestion. I had quite forgotten the child. I suppose your husband would take the child away with him, and hide it—"

"Oh, Mrs. Black, be kind, be good, spare me!"

"Or do you think he'd be angry enough—mad enough—to kill—"

"Oh, spare me; let me go!"

"Never. I had a child once. I lost him. He disappeared. I have never seen him since. I cannot think that I ever shall. I know, partially at least, how you will suffer. You will go?"

"Never."

"I loved my child. But I loved the cause in which I demand your assistance more than I loved him. I would have given up the child, rather than my ambition, if the choice had been given me. If he could come back to me, innocent and loving, this afternoon, I would not give my hopes in the direction in which you are to assist me—not if that were the only and the necessary condition of his return. I would not spare my child; can you expect me to spare you and yours?"

"No, I cannot."

"So you consent?"

"Never. Do as you will. Do your worst."

"She stood and looked into my eyes for a minute, her own eyes growing more and more baleful as she looked.

"I will," she said, as she left the room, locking the door behind her.

"I longed to die. I would not stoop to self-destruction, but death from any other source would have been welcome. I love you, Lionel Dayber, truly and tenderly and faithfully. If God sends children into our home, I shall love them with as deep and fervent an affection as I have given you. But—pardon me if I pain you, darling—neither you nor they can have more of affection than I gave to my husband and to my first-born child."

"I understand you," said Lionel Dayber, "and I honor you for it all. I can imagine how you must have suffered. And—the end?"

"The woman did not keep me very long. She let me out just as the twilight was deepening into night. I went home. So far as husband and child were concerned, it was empty! I never knew what that wicked woman wrote to my husband. Thank God I have been able to forget the most of what he wrote to me!"

"And then?"

"Mrs. Black's suggestion helped me. It was necessary that I do something for my daily bread. Mr. Smart is my uncle. He gave me a place in his corps, probably solely out of sympathy. I held it because of the genuine value of the clever work I did."

"I am glad. I am proud of you."

"At first, I had an idea that I would find out more about Mrs. Black, and punish her—indirectly. I actually gave some of my leisure time, when not employed in the work assigned me by Smart & Swift, to the study of her case. But it baffled me. I could learn no more than her friends in New York knew, and they knew practically nothing. I gave that up after a little."

"And your husband—your child?"

"Of course I searched. Of course I advertised."

"And did you ever find your husband?"

"No. He died without my seeing him."

"Do you expect to find your child?"

"Lionel Dayber, do you love me?"

"I do, certainly."

"Would it have made much difference to you if I had not loved you in return?"

"All the difference between joy and despair."

"Very well. You may thank God that I had a child, then, to help your kind and true and generous heart win mine. I have found my child."

"I—I do not understand you?"

"Ask me who my husband was."

"Surely not—not—"

"Yes, Lionel, you see it all. My husband's name was Augustus Liddon!"

"It—it is too strange to be true."

"Say just strange enough to be true, and you'll be nearer the facts. Did you ever lay down a novel, to take up your daily paper, and not find something in the latter more marvelous than anything the former had to offer?"

"I think I never did."

"Yes? At any rate, I'll give Belle a much better right to call you 'papa,' whenever you wish me to become a Dayber."

It was no night to go searching for William Flintacre, with the earth and sky alike one cavern of almost impenetrable gloom, and with the rain increasing, and the wind rising in force with every gust.

It was a night for a man to go home, seek his bed and sleep—or at least try to do so. It was a night when honest men—

But Arnold Anson was not an honest man. He no longer pretended—to himself, at least—to be one. He was too wide awake to make the thought of bed anything less than torture. He was too wretched within to make any outside discomfort—any wind or rain or dangers which might come from steps carelessly taken—seem worthy consideration.

He got over to the village to stay this night, thus tacitly confessing that the doors of Dayber's Echo were closed against him, and making himself the target for all sorts of conjectures and innuendoes and scorings to-morrow? Not he! Not he, though he were so tired that he must rest or die; not he, though he were so wretched for want of sleep that he could lie in a pool, beneath a dripping tree, and sleep as sweetly as ever a conquered soldier slept on the field of battle that had cost him home and country—liberty, language, religion! No, he would stay at Dayber's Echo this night—somewhere and somehow. If not inside, then outside; it was Graeme's turn now—and White's—and Maude's; very well—he had had his day; let them tremble lest he should have another!

He walked away, far away, until he stood right under the sheltering height of the great, precipitous, almost perpendicular cliff, known far and near as Echo Rock—the huge height from which Dayber's Echo had taken its name in the so far-off years of the past that family legend and tradition had nothing definite and straightforward enough

to say regarding it to warrant our calling it history.

Below him, near at hand, sloping away toward the sea, lay the hilly field in which the dead Daybers slept. He shuddered. He was not what you would call a superstitious man. Still—he had heard too many tales of the restlessness of some of these same men and women—tales, some of them generations old—that he could not be quite calm when he stood there in the rainy midnight and thought of it all.

A strange mood came to this man as he stood there, a mood so out of the usual experiences of his life that he smiled grimly to himself as he recognized what was really passing in his mind; it was a mood, possibly, which had characterized the whole life and conduct of some long dead and forgotten ancestor—the mental expression of a family way of doing things—which had skipped over a generation or two in its operation, and perhaps more. It seemed strange to think of this man as contemplating the possibility of prayer, and here he was—actually saying words which, on another man's lips, would have been prayer; here he was—in a posture which would have been one of devotion in the case of another man—in the case of almost any man.

Down on his knees, in the mud and rain, with the flinty rocks cutting his flesh cruelly; his face upturned to the fathomless abyss of blackness; his hands outstretched in an agonized posture of pitiful pleading; and with the tears doing more to stain and wet his face than even the torrents of rain could do. Praying? It would seem so; I think so. And a strange prayer that, said under the stormy midnight shadow of Echo Rock. Let us listen to his wild words; let us watch his wild and impassioned gestures.

"If—if I may not rule in the great house yonder," he pleads, bitterly, "let not another rule there in my stead. If I may not own the mansion which has been the home of the Daybers for many long generations, let it be my hand which disposes of it; let it be my will and my power which determines the succession to the ancient building in which I have spent so many hard and watchful days. Let me die at Dayber's Echo, without a voice raised in protest against my presence, and without a half-scornful tendering to me of a charity I should loathe and detest. Let my remains lie within the boundaries of this grand old estate—undisturbed; let the place they have been ungrudging me when I am dead; let no one come to speak above me in scorn or contempt of the manner of man I have been. Grant— But that is all. Not long life, not happiness, but peaceable possession of that for which I have striven. Give me my way of determining the future of what I cannot myself own and enjoy; give me a place here, not far from those who owned Dayber's Echo in the generations ago, and I am content. I plan nothing. I plead nothing. Let the way be what it will—what Fate sends, I shall be satisfied."

He rises to his feet, and stands erect. He has not stood so straight and strong and defiant for many a day. A strange mood, did I say? Let me add—a reckless one. The idea of his taking such words as these upon his lips; the idea of his reaching out his puny hand—a hand which has almost always been lifted against law and against good—and striving, with imperious gesture, to guide the hand of the One who guides the every working of the universe. He strides away down the hill, full of a consciousness of pride and power, passing the graves, on his right and left, with a silent sort of scorn for the powerlessness of those who lived once—and who now lie in them.

Did you ask in faith, Arnold Anson? Do you believe you will have your wishes? You think you had faith! You think you have belief! So do I. And I know that your prayer will be answered—answered just as you asked it, answered as pitilessly and exactly as the prayer of any arrogant sinner ever was. It shall be as you said, Arnold Anson, just as you said.

God pity—you!

But remember, that when the hand of Omnipotence is outstretched, by and by, to do your bidding, you may plead for change—mercy—or the turning aside of that for which you have asked—and plead as though to deafened ears!

Remember that, Arnold Anson!

(To be continued.)

THE CITY OF PULLMAN.

THE most orderly, attractive and uniformly busy city in the Western States is also its youngest community. It is but eight years old, and has entirely escaped those vicissitudes that envelop the infancy of most young towns. As a matter of fact, it has grown to its present proportions exactly as it was planned by its projectors, and in this respect is a thoroughly unique example of the power of capital, when wisely directed, for the achievement of beneficent ends.

This interesting place exists at a point upon the level plain ten miles south from the limits of Chicago, and is known the world over as Pullman. Not less than 16,000 people reside within its limits; of these, an average of nearly 5,000 being wage-earners, the majority of them skilled mechanics. In addition to the vast Pullman Palace Car Shops, covering a floor-space of about twenty acres, there are other industries coincident to the main business of building and repairing sleeping and parlor cars. These are the Allen Paper Car-wheel Works, Steel and Iron Works, Union Foundry and Car-wheel Works, Steel Forging Works, Pullman Carpenter Shops, Terra Cotta Lumber Company's Works, extensive Brick-yards, a Nursery and Greenhouse. The care of the city itself gives employment to a very considerable number of persons.

Pullman Station is upon the Michigan Central Railroad. The number of visitors attracted to the place annually is very large. All public structures are open to strangers, but a permit is necessary to admit parties to the shops.

The pretty Hotel Florence, named in honor of his daughter by Mr. George M. Pullman, stands near the depot, and may be considered the focal

point of the town. Near by is a beautiful artificial lake, the margin being faced with carefully trimmed grass. The local main offices of the Pullman Company front upon this pleasing bit of nature. To the rear, and northward of the ornate office structure and its flanking shops, are the great water-tower and the engine-house, the latter containing the huge Corliss engine familiar to those who visited the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. The water-tower, 195 feet in height, holds half a million gallons of water. From this point all the sewage of the city is forced to the farm-grounds three miles distant.

The visitor favored with admission to the shops may study all the stages of construction of the luxurious vehicles of rail-travel invented and perfected by the master-minds of the great company after whom the town is named. The workrooms provided for the employes are light, clean, healthful and comfortable all the year round. While there is no trace of offensive paternalism in the policy of the Pullman Company, its interest in its army of employes and their dependents is not confined merely to working-hours.

The broad avenues of Pullman are bordered with attractive brick homes, in which are found all the appliances but lately supposed to belong only to the residences of well-to-do people. These houses, now numbering about 1,600, are rented to occupants at prices calculated to yield but a moderate interest. As the average earnings at Pullman are higher than at any other place engaged in similar work (the per capita in 1887 being \$601), it may be assumed that with all the facilities for thrift and freedom from temptation—there being no saloons in the town—the average savings are also greater. The Pullman Loan and Savings Bank, having a capital of \$100,000, had a savings deposit at the end of last year of \$288,219, upon which the bank pays an interest of four per cent. Churches accommodate the members of nearly all denominations of Christians. Lodges of Masons, Odd-fellows, Knights of Pythias, Foresters, Royal Arcanum and others meet regularly. One of the most attractive features of Pullman is its Arcade, a busy mart of evenings, through a gallery of which one comes upon the spacious, restful Public Library and its glorious company of good books and current literature, and by the other gallery, and the street as well, to the pretty, commodious theatre, which is upon the regular "circuit" of the best traveling companies. Lake Calumet, visible at the end of the wide Florence Boulevard, is already famous for its boating contests, and gives range to the American love for aquatic sports. The schools of Pullman, wherein are being educated the coming generation of car-builders, contain fully 1,300 children.

The far-reaching policy declared by its daring and successful promoters promises to make Pullman, within a generation, one of the greatest of industrial centres. It is not now, and perhaps never has been, regarded as an experiment. As an example of what can be accomplished by kindly and liberal consideration in furtherance of the welfare of the industrial classes, its influence is already widely felt and appreciated, and possibly the day is not far distant when all great employing corporations will realize, more or less profoundly, that the true solution of all troubles of capital and labor lies in the application of the principles upon which Pullman is built.

HON. NATHAN F. DIXON, U. S. SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.

HON. NATHAN F. DIXON, United States Senator-elect from Rhode Island, belongs to a historic family. He is the grandson of the Senator of the same name elected by the Whig party in 1838, and for some time President of the United States Senate. The father of the Senator-elect, also of the same name, was one of the Governor's Council in the Dorr War, and served five terms in Congress, retiring in March, 1871. The third Nathan F. Dixon was born at the old family homestead in Westerly, R. I., on August the 28th, 1847, and will thus be only forty-two when he takes his seat in the Senate. Next to Senator Kennan, of West Virginia, he will be the youngest member of that body. He was prepared for college at the Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and then entered Brown University, at Providence, graduating from that institution in 1869. He studied law with his father and at the Albany Law School, and in 1871 he was admitted to the Bar, in Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York. In 1877 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Rhode Island, being reappointed in 1881, and serving in that office altogether eight years. In 1885, when Hon. Jonathan Chase was transferred from the Lower House of Congress to the Senate, Mr. Dixon was elected to succeed him in the lower branch, as he now succeeds him in the higher. Mr. Dixon has been a member of the State Senate of Rhode Island for nearly four years. He is a man of high character, and his election to the Senate is regarded as a fortunate outcome of the struggle in the Legislature, which at one time threatened to be protracted and provocative of unpleasant dissensions.

HON. L. BRADFORD PRINCE, GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO.

HON. L. BRADFORD PRINCE, the newly appointed Governor of New Mexico, was born at Flushing, N. Y., on July 3d, 1840. He is a lineal descendant, on the maternal side, of Governor William Bradford, of Plymouth, one of the "men of the Mayflower," and had for great-grandfather and grandfather, respectively, Governors Bradford and Collins of Rhode Island. His paternal ancestors are the well-known Prince family of Long Island. He is a graduate of Columbia Law School, and has for many years been a conspicuous figure in public affairs. From his youth he was exceedingly active in all matters affecting the welfare and improvement of his native town. Very early in life he developed an extraordinary aptitude for political matters, and the activity he displayed in his district during the Fremont campaign won for him a vote of thanks from the town club, of which his age—he was then but a lad of sixteen—prevented his becoming a member. In 1870 he was elected to the Assembly, members of all parties joining in his support, and in 1871 he was re-elected by a large majority. The following year he received the unusual compliment of a request for his continuance in office, signed by more than two thousand voters, irrespective of party, and having been nominated by acclamation, he was re-elected without opposition. In 1873, having declined the nomination to the Senate, he was again returned to the Assembly without an opposing candidate. In the Fall of 1874 the Democrats made a determined effort to redeem the district, nominating their strongest man, but the contest resulted in a victory

for Mr. Prince, who secured a majority of 771 votes. In the canvass of 1875 Mr. Prince received the Republican nomination for the Senate, and, although the Democrats were successful in the district on the general ticket by nearly 2,700 majority, he won the election by a majority of 904, running 3.5 ahead of his ticket.

In 1872 he introduced, and succeeded in getting passed, the Bill for the Constitutional Commission. During the sessions of 1873 and 1874 he had charge of the proposed amendments, and in the session of 1875 he prepared and introduced nearly all the Bills required to carry the new constitutional system into effect.

Mr. Prince is a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, and also well known as a churchman. He was a member of the last four General Conventions of the Episcopal Church. During 1879, without either application or request, Mr. Prince was offered various appointments, including two to foreign countries, the Marshalship of New York, the Governorship of Idaho and the Chief-Justiceship of New Mexico. The latter he declined three times, but finally, at the urgent request of the Government, consented to accept. He resigned in 1882, after disposing of over 2,600 cases.

Since then he has been interested in various enterprises in New Mexico. He is President of the Territorial Historical Society, and of the University of New Mexico. In 1882 he compiled the laws of the Territory, and in 1883 wrote the "History of New Mexico," a book of rare interest. He is well known as an archaeologist, and has a great number of Pueblo antiquities, including a unique collection of ancient stone idols. He is an enthusiast as to the resources and future of that Territory, and has written much on those subjects for Eastern papers.

COLONEL WILLIAM P. HEPBURN, SOLICITOR OF THE TREASURY.

WILLIAM P. HEPBURN, the new Solicitor of the Treasury, was born in Columbiana County, O., November 4th, 1833. He removed to Iowa with his parents in 1840, and received his education in the common schools of that State. He was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Marshall County in 1856, and Chief Clerk of the Iowa House of Representatives, January, 1858. In October of the same year he was elected District Attorney of the Eleventh Judicial District. When the Civil War broke out, he entered the military service as Captain of Company B, Second Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, and was promoted to Major in November, 1861. He served with the same regiment until January, 1863, having become its Lieutenant-colonel, and in the meantime serving on the staff of Major-general Rosecrans as Judge-advocate of the Armies of the Mississippi and Cumberland, and later as Inspector of Cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland. In the Winter and Spring of 1864 he commanded the Second Brigade Cavalry Division, Sixteenth Army Corps. He was chosen one of the Presidential Electors-at-large for Iowa in 1876, and was subsequently a Representative in Congress for the Eighth District of Iowa, serving in the Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses, and a Judge of one of the courts. During his three terms in the House, Colonel Hepburn was regarded as one of the strongest men on the Republican side, as an able lawyer and a strong debater, though he did not talk often. He was very popular with his party. The most violent antagonism he provoked was the result of his opposition to the river and harbor appropriation. He was the most active enemy that Bill had, and never ceased to make war on it at every opportunity. He has been since the war a strong spirit in Iowa politics.

FELLING THE TELEGRAPH-POLES.

WERE Mr. Gladstone a resident of New York city, he might have found abundant occupation, last week, at his favorite exercise of tree-chopping, without in any wise endangering the primeval forests. On Tuesday, the 16th inst., a brigade of axmen, linemen and laborers, armed with axes, pikes and ropes, sallied forth at early morning, and began hewing down the immense, unsightly wooden masts supporting the thousands of telegraph, telephone and electric-light wires darkening the firmament in all the principal thoroughfares of this long-suffering city. Pole after pole came crashing down, tangled wires writhed and curled about the sidewalks, and broken glass jingled with reckless merriment in all directions. The citizens smiled complacently, and remarked that this began to look like business—the poles and wires were really in a fair way to go, at last, and the millennium must be dangerously near at hand. At night the squares and avenues were deprived of their customary electric lights, but people carried lanterns, and were content.

Mayor Grant had decided that it was high time to take action in this matter of illegal street-obstructions, and had accordingly given orders, "in accordance with chapter 716 of the laws of 1887," to have all poles and wires, except those in use by the Fire Department, removed from the principal sections of Sixth Avenue, Broadway, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Forty-second Streets, without delay. Some of these were practically "dead" wires, having been replaced by the subway lines. Others were not—but that made no difference. Now that war has been thus declared, the movements of the subway, telegraph and electric-light people have been suddenly accelerated, and in some instances the companies' men precede the Mayor's forces, taking down and saving their unlovely obtrusive property. The good work will go on until the city's forest of wood and wire is well thinned out. Only one accident—the killing of a workman on Sixth Avenue last Thursday morning—has occurred thus far.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI.

OUR readers will be pleased to recognize on page 192 a portrait of the great tenor Campanini, who, in his favorite rôle of *Edgardo*, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," thrilled and delighted a vast audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, on Tuesday evening, the 23d inst. The occasion was the testimonial benefit tendered him by a committee of the leading citizens of New York, as a token of their appreciation of his talents and abilities, and of his recent efforts to re-establish Italian Opera in America, especially in the elaborate production of Verdi's masterpiece, "Otello," in which he lost large sums of money. Signor Campanini is in splendid voice once more, and the affair was a brilliant success, worthy of the great artist and his multitudes of admirers.

Signor Campanini's career is familiar to the music-loving public, at least. He was born in Parma,

Italy. At the age of fourteen he joined Garibaldi against the King of Naples, and after distinguishing himself on more than one occasion, and receiving promotion, he was severely wounded at the taking of Capua. On his recovery, an Italian professor of music, who, by chance, happened to hear him sing, so admired his voice that he advised him to study for the lyric stage. Acting upon this advice, he entered the Conservatory at Parma, where he made such rapid progress that, two years from the period of his admission, he was offered an engagement in Russia, which he accepted, and where he remained, adding to his laurels and knowledge, for three years. At the termination of this engagement he returned to his native land; and, going to Milan, availed himself of a course of instruction under the famous Parmari, then the most celebrated teacher of singing in Italy. From this point the fame of his voice and culture reached London, when Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, made him an offer which induced him to visit England. Here he met with such eminent success that the Strakosch brothers determined to secure him for an American campaign, in connection with Nilsson and other fine artists, in 1873. He has ever since held the first place in the esteem of the American, as of the European, public; and his many triumphant seasons here need not be recapitulated. Signor Campanini is about to start on an extensive professional tour through the United States.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AN English firm has been using petroleum fuel in a torpedo-boat and getting a speed of twenty-one knots. The oil is carried in the vessel's double bottom.

A VENETIAN glass manufacturer is said to be making and selling bonnets by the thousand. The glass cloth of which they are made has the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and is impervious to water.

In a paper read before the Royal Society (England), Henry Hennessey, F. R. S., says the maximum discharge of water through a pipe of circular section, when the head is due only to the inclination of the pipe, is not when the pipe is full of water, but when filled to about nineteen-twentieths of its diameter.

The Westinghouse Electric Company has nearly ready for the market an electric cigar-lighter. When the current is turned on, a bunch of bare wire loops at the end of a handle, which are contained in incombustible material, are heated to a red heat, and the cigar is lighted just as it would be lighted from a red-hot coal.

The town of Jackson, Ill., is supplied with artificial gas at forty cents a thousand for lighting purposes and thirty cents for fuel. The gas is made from slack coal by a new process, and the inventors offer to supply Chicago at twenty-five cents a thousand, and say they could afford to give gas-light to every house, office and factory in the city for nothing if they would use fuel-gas at forty cents a thousand.

A PAPER that resists the action of both fire and water has, it is said, recently been invented in Germany by Herr Ladowigg. The manufacture is accomplished by mixing 25 parts of asbestos fibre with from 25 to 30 parts of aluminium sulphate, and the mixture is moistened by chloride of zinc and thoroughly washed in water. It is then treated with a solution of 1 part of resin soap in from 8 to 10 parts of a solution of pure aluminium sulphate, after which it is manufactured into paper like ordinary pulp.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Scientific American* in regard to taking care of the hair: "Experience has taught me that it is best to keep all oils or grease from the hair. Don't let barbers oil it. I find wetting with water best. At least once a week rub the yolk of an egg, or half of it, well into the hair and scalp, and rinse off thoroughly with tepid water. It will promote growth and color, probably largely due to the sulphur in the egg. This course has started a new growth of hair with me, not very thick, but better than none at all."

A TYPE-WRITER, so diminutive in size as almost to justify the term "pocket type-writer," has recently been invented. Its extreme dimensions are four inches by three inches, and its weight is less than four and a half ounces. Yet it carries all the characters necessary in ordinary correspondence on the inner edge of the revolving disk which forms the principal feature of the machine. The whole frame travels across the paper, which consequently may be of any size, and a roller, to which a spacing-check is fitted, secures an absolute straightness and evenness in the line of printing.

SOMEBODY of an ingenious turn of mind gives us the metric system—"not in a nutshell," but in a nickel. It is claimed that our nickel five-cent piece holds the key to the linear measures and weights. The diameter of this coin is two centimeters, and its weight is five just grams. Five of them placed in a row will, of course, give the length of the decimeter, and two of them will weigh a decagram. As the kiloliter is a cubic meter, the key to the measures of length, it is also the key to the measures of capacity. Any person, therefore, who is fortunate enough to own a five-cent nickel may carry in his pocket the entire metric system of weights and measures.

AN English mechanic has invented a ventilating tap for preserving beer and other liquids. The object of this tap is to overcome the difficulties experienced by all keeping beer, wine, etc., in their houses, when by carelessness or accident a quantity of liquid is frequently wasted or spoiled by the vent-peg being left out. This tap is so constructed that when the liquor is forcing the key should only be turned quarter round, which allows the liquor to be drawn; but when vent is required, to be turned half way, which will only admit as much air as is actually necessary to allow the liquor to run, and by the act of turning off the liquor at the same time effectually shuts off the vent.

In the *Voenno-Sanitarnoe Delo*, Dr. Jakov M. Shmulevitch emphatically draws attention to dried potato as an important food article, possessing some very valuable advantages in comparison with the vegetable in a fresh state. The advantages claimed for the article are these: (1) While fresh potatoes easily rot, blacken and sprout, dried potatoes, when kept duly protected from moisture, remain in the best condition for a very long time; and (2), being by far lighter and less bulky than fresh potatoes, are by far more convenient for preservation and transportation, which point has a great practical importance, especially in time of war. To be fit for culinary use, the article requires a preliminary maceration in water for ten or twelve hours.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Rhode Island Legislature has passed a Bill establishing a naval reserve in that State.

CHOLERA is epidemic in the Philippine Islands, and out of 1,500 cases 1,000 have proved fatal.

MANY licenses under the *modus vivendi* have been taken out by American fishing-vessels at Canso, Nova Scotia.

THE new steel cruiser *Chicago* will take part in the grand naval display in New York Harbor on the 29th inst.

MR. PARNELL has instituted a suit in London against the *London Times* for libel, claiming £100,000 damages.

TWENTY hotels and boarding-houses in the Catskills have entered into an agreement not to receive Hebrews as guests.

A SENSATIONAL story from Los Angeles, Cal., is to the effect that filibusters are contemplating the capture of Lower California.

THE thermometer reached 82 degrees in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 19th inst., and two or three cases of sunstroke were reported.

THE United States Supreme Court has just gravely decided, in a Government case, that beans are "vegetables," and not "seeds."

THERE was a complete suspension of street-car travel in Minneapolis, Minn., during several days last week, owing to a strike of the operatives.

THE Bell Telephone Co. has asked the Massachusetts Legislature for permission to increase its capital stock by the addition of \$10,000,000.

THE annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held in Washington last week. Professor O. C. Marsh, of New Haven, was re-elected president.

THE Belgian Government has sent a second notice to General Boulanger to the effect that he will not be allowed to conspire against France, a nation friendly to Belgium.

A NUMBER of American missionary schools in Syria were recently closed by the local authorities, but the American Minister to Turkey has succeeded in obtaining permission for them to reopen.

A FIRE in New York city, on Friday night of last week, destroyed two huge grain elevators and other property of the New York Central Railroad, a large refinery and other buildings, involving a loss of \$3,000,000.

GOVERNOR MELLETT of Dakota has issued his proclamation calling constitutional conventions for the newly created States of North and South Dakota. Each convention will consist of seventy-five members.

THE English budget, which was introduced in the House of Commons last week, shows a surplus of \$12,930,000 from 1888, which will render unnecessary any additional taxation for the increased naval expenditure.

THE appropriation for the maintenance of the Minnesota State University at St. Paul for the present year proving inadequate, ex-Governor John S. Pillsbury has given the sum of \$150,000 for immediate use.

THE "queerest kind of disappointment" is defined by the *Washington Hatchet* to be that felt by some Democratic office-holders in the departments who handed in their resignations promptly last month, but who have not yet been disturbed.

THE British Liberals are exultant over the fact that Mr. Huggess, Gladstonian, was last week elected in Rochester to succeed Colonel Hughes Hallett in Parliament, by a vote of 1,665 to 1,580. The constituency has hitherto been staunch Tory.

INQUIRY among the recent laborers on the Panama Canal shows that there is great suffering among them. They have literally no money, so that it is impossible for those who would to leave. Many are ready to do anything to obtain simply a meal.

THE *Manufacturers' Record*, published at Baltimore, reports that there is great activity throughout the South in building cottonseed-oil mills, and that a dozen mills, to cost \$1,000,000 or more, have been organized in the last two weeks, while there is a report that a \$2,000,000-company has been organized in Philadelphia to build mills in the South.

THE German members of the Samoan Conference, which will open April 29th, are Count Herbert Bismarck and Dr. Kranke, Privy Councillor of Legation, of the Foreign Office. Count Herbert will preside. Sir Edward B. Malet, British Ambassador at Berlin, will represent England at the Conference. He will be assisted by two officials from the Foreign Office.

A FEE of \$87,000 in good securities has been presented by Mr. H. M. Flagler to Dr. George Shelton, of New York, in consideration of his faithfulness and skill in attending the case of Mr. Flagler's daughter, Mrs. Benedict, who died on her husband's yacht, off Charleston, a short time ago, after a long illness. This is described as the largest fee, but one, ever paid to a physician.

THE Stewart will case ended unexpectedly last week, by the proponents resting without putting in any evidence. It is generally supposed this is the only suit against Judge Hilton. Another, however, is still pending in the Supreme Court, to set aside the transfer of Mr. Stewart's whole business, made the day after his death, for an alleged consideration of a million dollars that was never paid. The actual value of the property is said to have been between eight and twelve millions.

IN a recent lecture, Captain E. L. Zalinski, famous as the inventor of the dynamite gun, successfully exploded the notion that New York could be shelled by men-of-war anchored off Long Island, referring by way of proof to the bombardment of Alexandria. The forts there, he contended, would not have been untenable, even when the ammunition was exhausted. He also stated that appropriations had been granted for the complete defense of New York by dynamite, with central stations at Sandy Hook and Fort Schuyler.

IT is said that the French Government has secured over 10,000 documents bearing on the charges against General Boulanger. They include 3,000 newspaper articles and a great number of the general's visiting-cards indorsed with short messages. Besides the charge of corrupting the Army, he is charged with malversation in the War Office as regards the handling of funds, and with making a seditious speech on the eve of President Carnot's election. It is stated that M. Clémenceau can confirm the last-named charge.

REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID B. HARMONY.

DAVID B. HARMONY, the first Rear-admiral appointed by President Harrison, was born in Easton, Pa., September 3d, 1832. He was appointed a Midshipman, April 7th, 1847; passed



NEW MEXICO.—HON. L. BRADFORD PRINCE, NEWLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY.
PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 191.



ITALO CAMPANINI, THE FAMOUS OPERATIC TENOR.
PHOTO. BY MORA.—SEE PAGE 191.

that grade in 1853; became Lieutenant in 1855, Lieutenant-commander in 1862, Commander in 1866, Captain in 1875, and Commodore in 1885. He served on the *Iroquois* at the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip (mouth of the Mississippi River), and at the capture of New Orleans, and took part in many severe engagements,

with the battles at Vicksburg and Grand Gulf. He was Executive Officer of the iron-clad *Nahant* in the first attack on Fort Sumter, April 7th, 1863, and in the engagement with the ram *Atlanta* on the 17th of June, and in all the attacks on the defenses at Charleston from the 4th of July till the 7th of September. He held a



COMMODORE D. B. HARMONY, NEW REAR-ADMIRAL, UNITED STATES NAVY.
PHOTO. BY BELL.



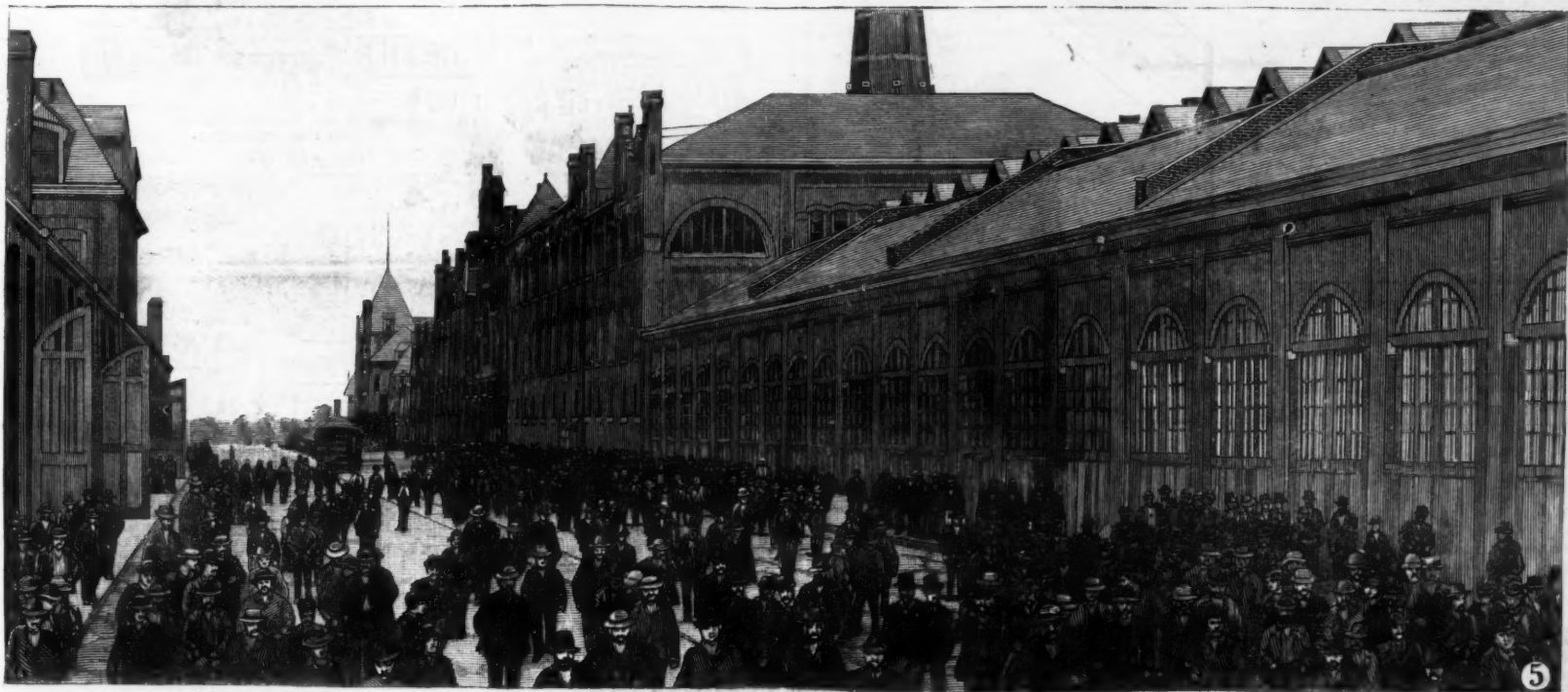
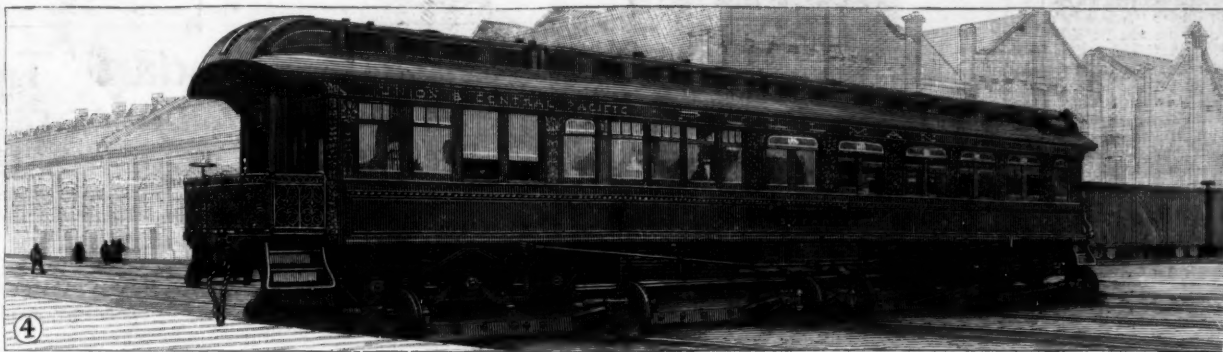
NEW YORK CITY.—THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES AND THE TELEGRAPH AND ELECTRIC COMPANIES—CUTTING DOWN THE POLES AND WIRES ON BROADWAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 191.



RHODE ISLAND.—HON. NATHAN F. DIXON, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.
PHOTO. BY HORTON BROS.—SEE PAGE 191.



IOWA.—HON. WILLIAM P. HEPBURN, SOLICITOR OF THE U. S. TREASURY.
PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 191.



1. MAIN OFFICE BUILDING. 2. SIR GEORGE M. PULLMAN. 3. THE WATER-TOWER. 4. "THE GOLDEN GATE SPECIAL." 5. NOONTIME. 6. FLORENCE BOULEVARD. 7. HOTEL FLORENCE. 8. THE ARCADE. 9. INTERIOR OF ARCADE.

ILLINOIS.—VIEWS IN PULLMAN, THE MODEL INDUSTRIAL CITY OF THE COUNTRY.

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 190.

command in the Eastern Gulf Squadron in 1863, and commanded the *Saratoga*, in the Western Gulf Squadron, in 1864-65, taking part in the capture of Mobile and its defenses. He commanded the division of eight vessels in an expedition to Montgomery, Ala., in April, 1865, and in 1867 commanded the *Frolic* in Europe, one of the vessels of Admiral Farragut's squadron. He was honorably mentioned in the report of Commodore De Camp, as well as of Commodore Downes and Palmer. He made his last cruise in 1881, and was a member of Examining and Retiring Boards in 1883 and 1885. Until the day he was appointed Rear-admiral he was serving as Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, holding this position since 1885, and during the absence of the Secretary of the Navy has been Acting Secretary of the Navy Department.

LOVELIER THAN A CENTURY AGO.

The numerous old paintings and miniatures, etc., unearthed for the current Centennial exhibitions, confirm the general impression that the beauties of the past century—with all due homage to their acknowledged charms—would have paled by comparison with the belles of our day. This is true particularly as regards complexion, the bright mirror of health. Undoubtedly the improvement in this respect is in some degree the result of improved conditions of living, and a more general and intelligent observation of the laws of hygiene. But there is another very important advantage which the ladies of our day possess over the fair dames of "good old Colony times," and that is in the perfection of toilet requisites, as represented in the exquisite "Arlesian" preparations, which are so widely in use in Europe and America. These include the Arlesian Aline, an unrivaled tonic and stimulant for the skin, and at the same time an unsurpassed foundation for powder; the Arlesian Cream of Lilies, for cleansing and preserving the skin, restoring tone to the complexion, etc.; and the Arlesian Lotion, a soft and fragrant emollient for removing redness, roughness and irritation of all kinds. These preparations, veritable luxuries of the toilet, are invaluable also for physicians, travelers and the theatrical profession. They are guaranteed by the medical profession, are prepared from formulae in the possession of Mrs. Draper, under the supervision of a skilled chemist (a practicing physician), formerly assistant of the late Professor J. C. Draper; and are for sale by all druggists and fancy-goods dealers.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

Exorion has been written on the subject of consumption to make even a well man morbid and apprehensive.

But this has all been in its discouraging aspect. Now, we are led, or more exactly speaking, Compound Oxygen urges us, to say cheerful things. However, better than all we can possibly say are the words of our patients, or we might say our ex-patients, for they are relieved or cured now. Observe the comfort and encouragement in the following brief extracts:

"PORTAGE, WIS., Jan. 30, 1888.
"My wife has been taking your Compound Oxygen for over two years for consumption, and has derived much benefit from its use. In fact, I think she would have died long ago but for it."
"H. D. JAMES."

"LITTLE ROCK, ARK., March 30, 1888.
"I am happy to inform you that I am of the opinion that your Compound Oxygen saved my life."
"MR. J. T. BAILEY."

"NASHUA, N. H., Feb. 14, 1888.
"I commenced your Compound Oxygen Treatment the last of August, 1887, and was happily surprised to find that at the end of one month I was almost entirely relieved."
"MRS. S. K. DAGGETT."

"ATHENS, OHIO, Feb. 29, 1888.
"The effects of the Compound Oxygen Treatment in my case were wonderful. I feel very confident that I owe my life to the Compound Oxygen."
"MRS. M. E. WARDEN."

For further information regarding Compound Oxygen, send for our brochure of 300 pages, containing the full history of the treatment and a record of cures in some very interesting cases. The brochure will be sent free of charge to any one addressing DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.; or 130 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Chicago News will support any Presidential candidate in 1892 who has lost both arms. Such a man, it says, would be able to carry out a great reform by curing the handshaking mania which now attacks everybody who visits the White House.

DRY-GOODS OPENINGS

ARE now all the style. Small dealers make a great ado about the opening and display of each season's novelties. It belongs to the metropolis of the nation and to the great business houses on its broad streets to have a continuous series of openings the year round. Of the limited number of truly great dry-goods establishments in New York, Messrs. JAMES MCCREERY & CO., in the matter of original exhibits, combining novelty, originality and exclusive design, lead all the rest. This enterprising firm have a well-earned reputation for integrity in their business dealings, remarkable quality in the goods offered for sale, and moderation in price. Their constantly recurring advertisements in this paper are truthfully written, and their representations can be depended upon.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.

A "ROBERT ELSMERE" clerical collar is advertised. This must be the one that Robert stopped wearing.—N. Y. Tribune.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER.
15, Rue St. Honore, Paris.



BEAUTY
of
Skin & Scalp
RESTORED
by the
CUTICURA
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

50 Pimples, Blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. 50c

Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Scott's EMULSION
OF Pure
Cod-Liver
AND OIL
HYPHOPHOSPHITES
ALMOST AS PALATABLE
AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.
Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.
ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA
The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

Golden Hair Wash
This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.
E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

ANY person writing good hand send 2-ct. stamp for good news to 721 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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OPIUM Morphine and Whisky Habits painlessly cured. Treatment sent on trial free. Confidentially address H. L. KRAMER, Sec., Box 60 Lafayette, Ind.

Nervous, Tired Women Now Cured by Food.
Nervous exhaustion is now known to come from malnutrition of the nerves. A noted scientist has discovered that if the albumen which feeds the nerves is not fully digested to the consistence of water, it cannot be absorbed by them; hence their starvation and exhaustion. They are therefore nourished only in proportion to the ability of the stomach to prepare their food, which is the most difficult to digest of all the foods. Not one stomach in five can prepare a sufficient quantity for the overworked. Hitherto artificial digestion has only been able to but partially do its work for the coarser circulatory vessels. Three years ago this deficiency was overcome in the manufacture of the Moxie Nerve Food, which has shown before the U. S. Courts many old cases of helpless paralysis and nervous wrecks recovered by it. It helps the nervous, tired and overworked in a few hours, leaving no medicine. Sec. a qt. bottle. 6 University Pl., N.Y.



A WONDERFUL MEDICINE
BEECHAM'S PILLS

At no time during life is there a period when a man can derive no benefit from a dose of **Beecham's Pills**. Boys who look upon the apple when it is green find a staunch friend in them. Military, sporting and club men, with a fondness for good living, and, in fact, all persons who know the value of good health, and are acquainted with the merits of these Pills, are never without them. They are an essential safeguard to every proper and well-regulated life. Taken as directed, **Beecham's Pills** will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;

BEECHAM'S PILLS. They act like magic. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, strengthening the muscular system, restoring long lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **Beecham's Pills** have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by **THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.**

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, if your druggist does not keep them, WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX. But inquire first. Mention this paper.

Remington Standard Type-writer. INAUGURAL CEREMONIES.



The Winning Type-writer, THE REMINGTON.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
HEAD-QUARTERS ATLANTIC BUILDING,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 7th, 1889.

Gentlemen: By resolution of the Executive Committee, I am instructed to thank you for the use, since December 1, 1888, of three (3) Remington Type-writing Machines, which were found to be invaluable.

Very respectfully,
FRED. BRACKET,
Recording Secretary.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, Washington House, Le Droit Building, Cor. 8th and F Sts., N. W.

BALL-POINTED PENS
MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

The Ball-Pointed Pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.
Price \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross.
Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.
The "Federation" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.
Price 5, 15 and 20 cents. Of all stationers.
ORMISTON & GLASS
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THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
BETTER NEWS TO LADIES
and All Lovers of Fine Teas
THE CHOICEST EVER IMPORTED. NOTHING LIKE IT EVER KNOWN IN QUALITY, PRICES, PREMIUMS AND DISCOUNTS.
A CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME. GET PREMIUM NO. 27.
Latest and Best Inducements offered in Premiums and Discounts to introduce and get orders for our New Teas Just Received, which are Picked from the Select Tea Gardens of China and Japan, none but the Highest Grade Leaf being used. All guaranteed absolutely Pure. Handsome New Premiums of Imported China, Lamps, &c., given away with orders of \$10.00 and upwards, or discounts made if preferred. Good Teas 30, 35 & 40c. Excellent Family Teas 50 & 60c. Very Best 65 to 90c. per lb. Special—We will send by mail a Trial Order of 3 1/2 lbs. of our very Fine Teas on receipt of \$2.00. When ordering be particular and state if you want Formosa or Amoy Oolong, Mixed, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Imperial, Japan, English Breakfast or Sun-Sun Chop. No Humbug. Remember we deal only in Pure Goods. Send at once for a Trial Order to the Old Reliable and enjoy a cup of Good Tea. For particulars address The Great American Tea Co., 11 and 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y. P. O. Box 247.

CHERRY BLOSSOM

PERFUME
TOILET
POWDER
& SOAP
NONE NIGER

In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark **CHERRY BLOSSOM**.

Darlington, Quirk & Co.
The Latest London and Paris Ideas in
Parasols, En-Tout-Cas,
Coaching Umbrellas,
Mountain and Seashore Umbrellas,
From the very first London manufacturer, for whom we are the sole selling agents in the United States. We have no hesitancy in asserting that this exhibit cannot be equaled in America.
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

IMPROVED OIL-LIGHT,
MAGIC LANTERNS.
Also Lime and Electric Light Apparatus, and mechanical, plain and fine colored Views.
J. B. COLT & CO., Manufacturers,
No. 16 Beekman Street, New York.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.


BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801
Tricopherous
FOR THE HAIR



When the hair has become thin, or dry and harsh, from sickness or other causes, use Barry's Tricopherous.

Where baldness has already taken place, rub Barry's Tricopherous briskly into the bald places, and also around the roots of the remaining hairs; and, if the roots are not entirely extinct, the hair will revive and grow again, and Nature, with the assistance of art and labor, will restore the hair, and add lustre and beauty to its appearance.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

ENOE'S CHARCOAL DOTLETS.



The most elegant, cleanly and agreeable Willow Charcoal preparation known. Free from all grit and dust, palatable as confections, and do not soil mouth or fingers. The best known remedy for Acid Stomach, Offensive Breath, Flatulency and Indigestion. For sale by all druggists, or mailed free for 25c., by RULON & CRAWLEY General Agents, 22 Vesey St., New York.

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Conceded by the greatest artists to be unequalled on either Hemisphere. Factory founded 1842 at Manchester, England. Catalogue free. LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Sole Agts. for the U.S.

\$230 1 MONTH Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.


AGENTS WANTED for the Washington Centennial Souvenir Chart. Size 22x38, on excellent paper. Likenesses of Washington and Harrison—1789 and 1889. The American Eagle and American Flags in Colors; Columns bearing names of States; Rosenfeld's Great National Song (words and music for piano), "The Flag that's Waved a Hundred Years," and words of four other National Songs. Sample, 10 cts.; \$2.50 per 100; \$50 per 1,000. Address HITCHCOCK'S PUB. HOUSE, 385 6th Ave., N. Y.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON IN YOUR COUNTY to superintend the putting up of signs and taking up of large show cards and advertisements of our goods in all public places, on trees, fences and torpikes in towns and country. Wages, \$2.50 per day, steady work for one or two years, at home or to travel through two or more adjoining counties, in town and country, working from four to six days per week. Local work for all or part of the time. Money advanced for wages, expenses, etc. No talking required. Address, enclosing two-cent stamp for reply, J. U. ENORY & CO., Palace Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. No attention paid to postal cards.

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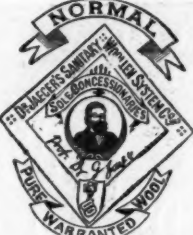
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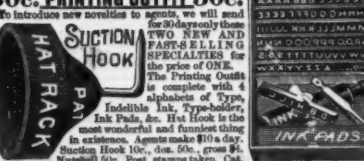
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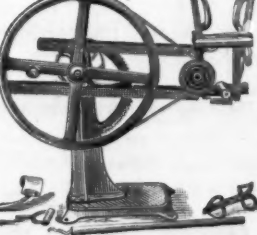
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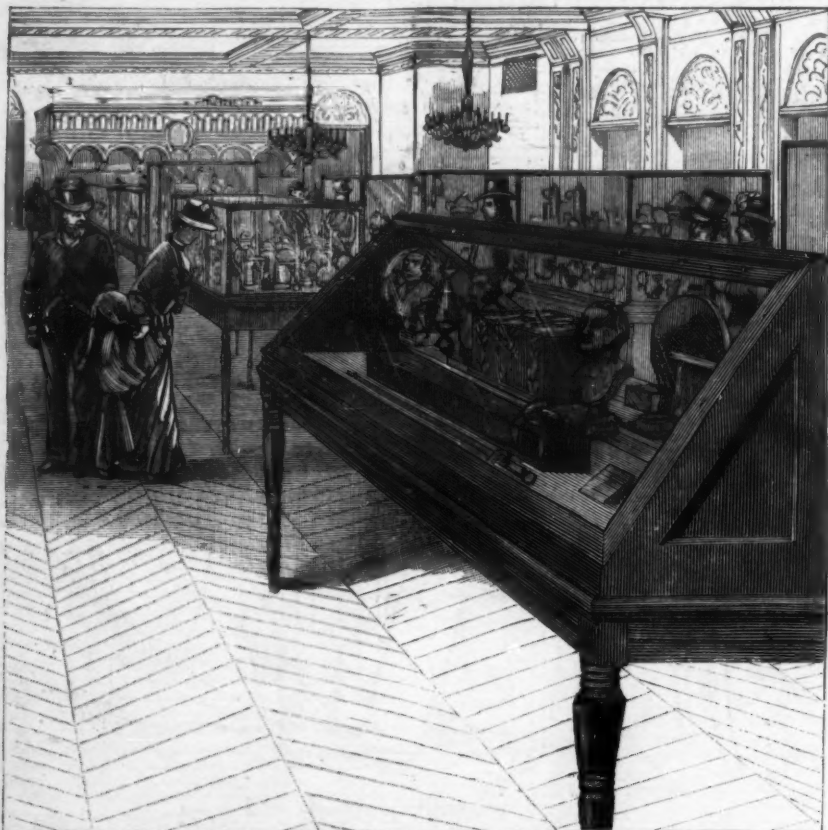
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